

# The TATLER

Vol. CLXXVI. No. 2294

and **BYSTANDER**

London  
June 13, 1945



REGISTERED AS A  
NEWSPAPER FOR  
TRANSMISSION  
IN THE  
UNITED KINGDOM

## ROSS'S

BELFAST

GINGER ALE  
SODA WATER

TONIC WATER  
GRAPE FRUIT

LIME JUICE CORDIAL  
LEMONADE

*Will return in sparkling form*

*Meet me in*  
**FORTNUM'S**  
GIFT DEPT.

FORTNUM & MASON LIMITED, PICCADILLY

## HIGHLAND QUEEN



*Grand Liqueur*  
SCOTCH WHISKY

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD  
LEITH - SCOTLAND

## SHAFTESBURY HOMES & ARETHUSA

TRAINING SHIP

1843

1945

Have



**DURING  
102 YEARS**

helped 37,073 children

**FUNDS NEEDED**

164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

PLENTIFUL AGAIN  
WHEN THE WAR IS OVER

## Presta

BEVERAGES OF DISTINCTION

The Apollinaris Co. Ltd., 4 Stratford Place, London, W.1.

MINERAL  
WATERS  
AND  
CORDIALS

## PRUHT

*The Original  
West Indies APERITIF*

## Grant's Scotch Whisky

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

*The Aristocrat of Liqueurs*  
**Drambuie**

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD., 12 YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

*Where to Buy & Where to Sell Your*



BROOKLANDS

OF BOND STREET

103 NEW BOND ST. W.I.  
MAY 8351





Yes, a "Gor-ray" skirt, correctly worn, can be viewed from front, side, or back without losing that "streamlined" effect. Perfect "hang" is the reason due to clever cut. Hours of sitting at a desk will not cause undue seating. Stride as you please and the pleats will still retain their

unbroken line. Every "Gor-ray" skirt, too, has the fashionable and so convenient man-style ZWOW pocket to replace the ugly placket. Good fashion houses stock "Gor-ray" skirts in a variety of attractive designs and materials.

ALL THE BETTER FOR THE "ZWOW" POCKET

ISSUED BY C. STILLITZ, ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA, WARWICKSHIRE

REGD.  
*Skirts*  
LOOK FOR  
THE GOR-RAY  
LABEL



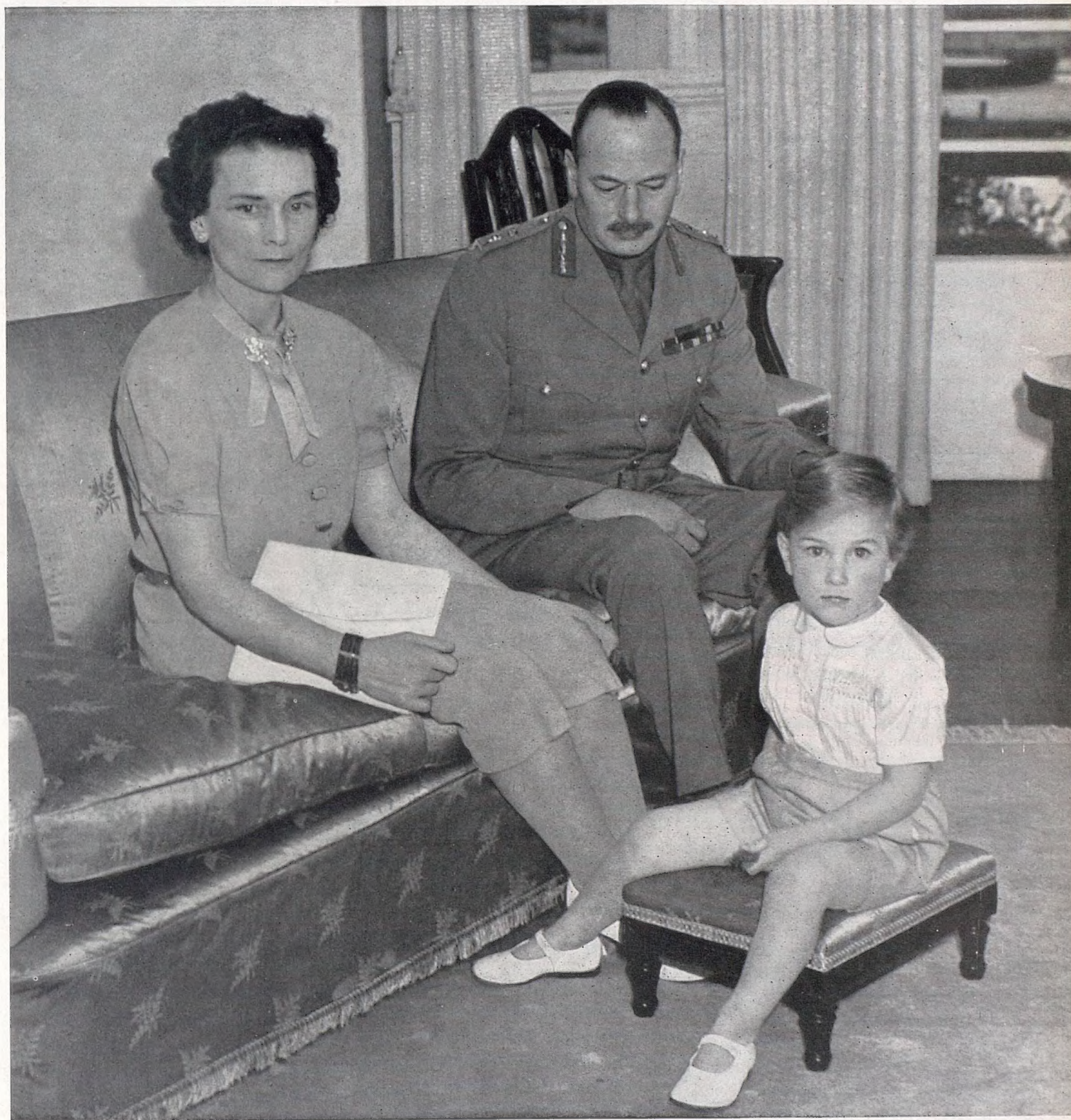
# THE TATLER

LONDON  
JUNE 13, 1945

and BYSTANDER

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Price:  
One Shilling and Sixpence  
Vol. CLXXVI. No. 2294



## T.R.H. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester with Prince William

The Governor-General of Australia, H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, is seen with the Duchess and his elder son, Prince William, at their charming home, "Yarralumla," which is their official Canberra residence. The Duke and Duchess have travelled widely throughout the Commonwealth since their arrival, and wherever they went large crowds gathered to give them a rousing welcome. Their elder son, Prince William, who was three in December, enjoys playing in the large peaceful garden; his younger brother, Prince Richard, was born in August, 1944. During the war in Europe the Duke, who was in France with the B.E.F., where he was slightly wounded, became Chief Liaison Officer to the Home Forces until the death of the Duke of Kent, when he ceased his full-time military duties in order to give more help to the King. The Duchess, who was appointed Air Chief Commandant of the W.A.A.F., worked untiringly for the welfare and well-being of all ranks





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Trouble

AN American remarked to me the other day in a voice of genuine concern: "It is a pity that people do not realize that Britain's policy towards the rest of the world is one of goodwill and nothing more." He was referring to the trouble in the Levant, and the reactions of General de Gaulle after Britain's intervention. Having tried to influence the conclusion of an agreement between the French and the Lebanese and Syrians, it was necessary for the British Government to go further, when the tense situation came to a climax with the shelling of Damascus.

Not only is Britain vitally interested in the maintenance of peace and stability in the Middle East, but there is the overriding necessity at this moment to keep the Allied lines of communication with the Far East free from obstruction of any kind.

Incredible as it may seem, this does not appear to have occurred to General de Gaulle. If it did cross his mind at any time, it must have been subordinated at once to the shadowy idea which he persists in nurturing that the British Government are opposed to him personally and towards the recovery of France. The suggestion made by General de Gaulle that British agents have tried to cause trouble between the French and the Syrians does not bear a moment's examination.

It is a vital British interest, as my American friend said, that France should be helped to recover her rightful place among the nations without delay. Equally it is important that the goodwill of Britain towards the Arabs should not be undermined in any way. But to

say that in the present conditions of the world British agents have been responsible for sowing seeds of dissension is fantastic.

General de Gaulle's high-handedness in this matter may have been caused by problems nearer home. Even so, it is difficult to imagine what benefit he can derive by antagonizing the United States and Britain, not to mention Soviet Russia, for nursing a grievance which has so little substance in fact can only serve to isolate France at the moment when she needs sympathy and goodwill in so many practical ways. The Churchill Government have done their utmost in this matter of the Levant and in others to assist General de Gaulle, and it is to be hoped that before very long the General will agree to conversations in London which will produce a satisfactory settlement.

It is obvious from the reports which come from Paris that if a settlement is not reached General de Gaulle will have trouble in his Cabinet. M. Georges Bideault has been Foreign Minister of France long enough to appreciate the influence of Britain and her friendship for his country. The trouble in the Levant was brought to fever point when he was at the San Francisco Conference. It is believed that had he been in Paris a crisis would have been averted. When he eventually returned from abroad he is said to have been very greatly perturbed and to have contemplated handing General de Gaulle his resignation.

M. Bideault is an important figure in the Resistance Movement of France on which General de Gaulle's Government rests. If he were to resign General de Gaulle would be

faced with a serious threat to his own position. As it is, there are suggestions that the time is not very distant when he will be compelled to invite former political leaders such as M. Leon Blum to join his Government in order to strengthen it. M. Blum is one of the most influential politicians in France at this moment. He has come back from a German prison camp in as fearless and as frank a mood as when he led the Popular Front movement in France.

## Illness

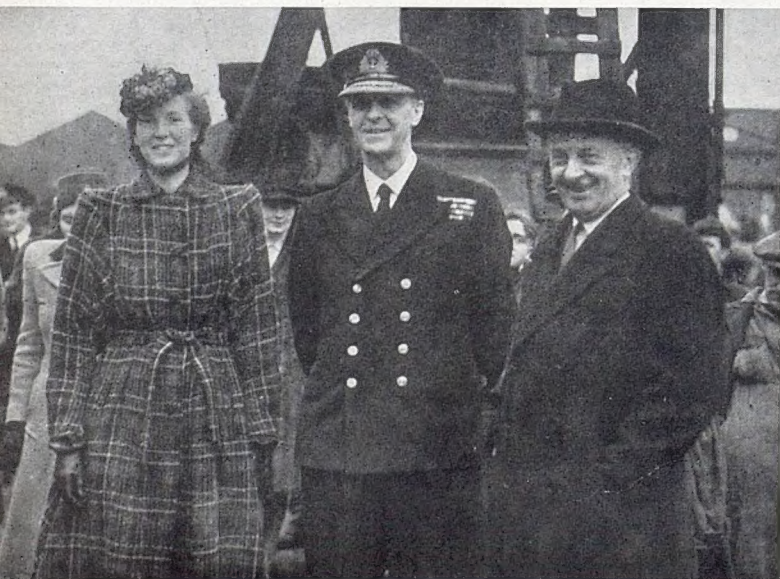
LATEST news of Mr. Anthony Eden's health is reassuring. While the doctors fear the development of a duodenal ulcer, they believe that a period of rest and diet will avert serious consequences.

Mr. Eden has a strong constitution, otherwise he could not have worked as hard as he has throughout the war years. He has thrived on long hours and lived through one crisis after another. When he got back from San Francisco to find the Syrian crisis blowing up and a General Election on the way, he said to a friend, "I could sleep for a year." But he did not look tired, and he certainly was not aware that he would be compelled to take a rest.

In spite of his long travels across the Atlantic and the American continent, Mr. Eden was fresh and full of eagerness to fight the General Election and, if necessary, to set off abroad again to attend a meeting of the Three Powers.

It is not certain now whether he will be fit in time to accompany Mr. Churchill to Germany for discussions with President Truman and Marshal Stalin. If the meeting is delayed until the end of this month, however, Mr. Eden's friends think that he will be better in time.

Living in Whitehall—he has a flat on the third floor of the Foreign Office which he occupied throughout the blitz—has meant that Mr. Eden has been at hand for consultation with the Prime Minister at all hours. Mr. Churchill never goes to bed until the early hours of the morning, usually after four o'clock, and Mr. Eden has now acquired the same habit. His only opportunity for rest and exercise has been occasional weekends at his country home in Sussex, but more often than



Third Sea Lord's Daughter Launches Submarine

Yet another British submarine was launched at a shipyard somewhere in England by Mrs. Geoffrey Eley, elder daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir William F. Wake-Walker, K.C.B., C.B.E., Third Sea Lord and Controller of the Navy. (Above) Mrs. Eley, Vice-Admiral Sir W.F. Wake-Walker and Cdr. Micklem, Managing Director of the shipbuilders, Vickers Armstrong



Opening of Australian Red Cross Club for P.O.W.s

Somers House, at Brighton, which is now the Australian Red Cross Club for repatriated prisoners, was opened by Lady Somers, who is seen chatting with Air Vice-Marshal Wrigley, O/C R.A.A.F. in England, and Brig. C.F. Langley, D.S.O., Commissioner in Charge Australian Red Cross Society, Field Force





### London's New Police Chief

Sir Harold Scott, Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Aircraft Production, has been appointed Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, in succession to Sir Philip Game. Sir Harold is the first civilian to hold this appointment for many years

not these have been interrupted by necessary work. Thus his present state of health is due largely to strain and his disregard of regular meal-times.

### Campaign

THE Prime Minister has swung into the General Election campaign with the ability and fervour of an old hand. His first radio speech was full of vigour and challenge to the Socialists, and was so forceful that it caused even some of his warmest supporters to blink their eyes. They never anticipated that Mr. Churchill would take off the gloves so quickly, and with such purpose. The Socialists were caught off their balance. They had expected a much milder approach, but apparently the Prime Minister, after much cogitation, decided that if the Socialists wanted a Party fight they must have it.

His further broadcasts are expected to be in

the same vein, which means that although the campaign will be unduly long, Mr. Churchill does not intend that electors shall be bored.

After Mr. Churchill's radio broadside, Mr. Clement Attlee's performance was tame and almost meek, although some of his arguments were most telling. Apparently we shall have to wait for Mr. Ernest Bevin to give weight and punch to the Socialist case.

In both Conservative and Labour camps there is plenty of confidence. If their forecasts are anything to go by the most likely result of the Election is a stalemate, but even the experts are very cautious in their prophecies and confine themselves to generalities. Not until we are much nearer polling day will it be possible to make any approximate assessment.

There is no doubt that the Liberals are going to play a vital part in the result under the leadership of Sir William Beveridge who is throwing himself into the campaign with remarkable energy and zeal. It was quite clear from Mr. Churchill's broadcast that he

sees the Liberals as a balancing factor, should Labour and Conservatives poll anything like the same number of seats. If this should happen, what will the Liberals do? Will they support Mr. Churchill or throw their weight against him in favour of the Labour Party? This is a question which is exercising many politicians.

### Mystery

THE whereabouts of Ribbentrop, the Nazi Foreign Minister, is one of the great mysteries of the moment. It is difficult to believe that he has managed to get out of Germany. The Spanish Government have denied reports that he is hiding in Spain, and it is hardly likely that he would have fled to Japan. The Japanese in their present extremity cannot have much sympathy for this sinister diplomat.

Ribbentrop was last heard of somewhere near Salzburg when he is reported to have tried to form a new government with the help of a few fanatics who wished to carry on the Hitler tradition.



### Mrs. Churchill With Liberated P.O.W.s at Odessa

During her visit to Odessa Mrs. Churchill, with Miss Mabel Johnson, Secretary to the Aid to Russia Committee, was photographed among British officers and men liberated by the Red Army from German captivity, who were excitedly awaiting their despatch home



### Allied Air C-in-C. Inspects Rangoon Bomb Damage

Air Marshal Sir Keith Park, Allied Air C-in-C. South East Asia, recently visited Rangoon accompanied by Sir Oliver Lees, G.O.C. Allied Land Forces, to inspect bomb damage to the docks. He is seen against a background of wrecked Rangoon University which was once used as a Japanese H.Q., and so has been destroyed in attacks by Allied aircraft



### Air Marshal Joubert Visits Burmese Hospital

Air Marshal Sir Philip Joubert, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., seen talking with Sister Sarah Boe, of the Burmese Military Nursing Service, was visiting a hospital at Pakokku, which has been recently liberated from the Japanese. He has been touring liberated Burmese cities, in order to talk with local civil affairs officials and health and hospital authorities



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

En passant

By James Agate



**Racetrack Intrigue** dominates "Salty O'Rourke," the story of a two-fisted and handsome horse-owner and race-track sportsman. Salty (played by Alan Ladd) is involved in a loss of 20,000 dollars through the dishonesty of his partner. He sets out to recover his losses by taming a world-beater. Above: Johnny, the jockey (Stanley Clements), with Barbara (Gail Russell). Below: Smitty, the trainer (William Demarest), with Salty O'Rourke (Alan Ladd)

LIKE the little Astoria Cinema. It is comfortable. It isn't draughty. Usherettes don't discuss their love-affairs in ear-piercing whispers two yards away. It doesn't charge twelve-and-sixpence for half-a-crown's worth of entertainment. It revives pictures that are agreeable to see again. Turning into this pleasant house one day last week I found Ronald Colman and Kay Francis having a go at an old film made out of H. M. Harwood's still older play, *Cynara*.

IN case you have forgotten, here is the old story. Wife goes off to Italy to give change of air to a too-volatile sister, leaving Husband, who is a barrister, at home. Husband meets Shopgirl who swears never to cost Husband a penny piece, never to be a nuisance and to pack up the moment he is tired of her. Husband falls for this oldest of gambits and takes Incuba to his bosom. Now Hecuba returns, and Husband finds that two women are one too many. Whereupon Incuba commits suicide. Moral? No married man can afford to be loved for himself alone. The wise man who likes flirting with this idea should always make certain that it is a pretence of the first magnitude, and realize that the only way to avoid being covered with Shopgirl reproaches is to suffocate Shopgirl with imitation mink and throttle her with imitation pearls. Then when she starts yowling it won't be for ceasing to love her but for ceasing to smother and strangle her. Needless to say, there wasn't one word of this in Harwood's play, nor was there a hint of it in the film which ended up with Colman being disbarred as a result of the inquest and going off to dam something or other in Tanganyika, accompanied, of course, by Kay Francis. One can only hope that Husband has learned his lesson, and that when he falls for some Equatorial belle he will choose one of the non-

suicidal type and wind as much copper wire round her throat, wrists and ankles as she has taste and room for. A good picture and an enjoyable evening all the same.

*Murder, He Says* (Plaza) has been described by my gifted colleague, Dilys Powell, as a mixture of *Cold Comfort Farm*, *Arsenic and Old Lace* and *Tobacco Road*. With, I suggest, a dash of Edgar Allan Poe. The trouble with this film is first, that it is half-an-hour too long, and second, that in piling absurdity upon absurdity it defeats its own object. The hero is Fred MacMurray who seems to me to be not quite so agreeable to look at and listen to as formerly. But even given that he had retained the power to cheat us of a sigh and charm us to a tear, I still think he could have done nothing with this over-long, too much cluttered-up mass of craziness. Again, this film has no wit. A young man recently submitted to me a highly modern novel from which I propose to present readers with an extract, with the notion that some enterprising film director may see a picture here. The extract is taken from the novel's sixth chapter, and it deserves, I feel, the honour of a fresh paragraph.

"BASIL BOMMERY WAS, as usual, the last to arrive. Hot and dusty from his long journey, he eventailed himself with the *écran* painted by Boucher and given to his grandmother as a girl by Napoleon III. The circle, now complete, gathered round Professor Debuffer to hear something of his adventures in Central Africa. The Professor first produced a curious musical instrument, in shape a little like a helmet, with six strings on each side. This, he explained, was the Malanka-Cambamba, or Magic Harp of Angola, as it is called by the natives. He struck a few chords on this, chanting some verses in the Kapagongo



**Political Intrigue** is the keynote of Hemingway's "To Have and Have Not." Set in the island of Martinique in the days following the fall of France, it is the story of the Fighting French patriots' struggle for liberty. An American, Harry Morgan (Humphrey Bogart), joins the patriots for financial reasons; his job is to smuggle Fighting French into Vichy Martinique. His work brings him in contact with Slim, an American girl whose inclination is to steal wallets when she's broke. Harry is soon marked down as a suspected confederate of the patriots; his cabin cruiser is challenged by a Vichy patrol boat and Harry only just escapes with his life. He decides to clear out of Martinique, taking Slim with him. There is some fast shooting and talking, but in the Bogart manner, Harry gets what he wants. The film is important not only because it is based on a Hemingway novel, but because it introduces to the screen Lauren Bacall, the former fashion model, whose catlike grace and insolent attraction have stirred the film boys to an unusual excitement. Above left: Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall. Right: Dolores Moran, Humphrey Bogart, Dan Seymour, Lauren Bacall



# Per Ardua Ad Astra

This is the Underlying Motif of  
"The Way to the Stars"



Two American airmen, Johnny Hollis and Joe Friselli (Douglass Montgomery and Bonar Colleano, Jr.) arrive at Halfpenny Field "somewhere in England" and are greeted by Peter Penrose, R.A.F. (John Mills)



One of our aircraft has failed to return and the crew room is silent as it is realized that their popular C.O. is missing on operations (Michael Redgrave, Basil Radford, David Tomlinson)



The inn of the "Golden Lion" at Shepley is the rendezvous of the airmen. Here Flight Lieutenant David Archdale (Michael Redgrave) meets Miss Todd (Rosamund John) and quickly realizes that he has fallen in love

● "The Way to the Stars" was written by Terence Rattigan and Anatole de Grunwald. It is a tribute to the men of the R.A.F. and U.S.A.A.F. who side by side flew and fought and beat off the enemy against—at one time—what appeared to be insuperable odds, and of the bond of real friendship thus forged between the men of two nations bound by the ties of comradeship as fighting men understand it. The film is directed by the young British director, Anthony Asquith, who has taken full advantage of the tremendous cast, which includes some of the best-known artists of stage and screen on both sides of the Atlantic



The laughter-loving American, Johnny Hollis, is gently admonished by the Rev. Charles Moss (Felix Aylmer). Hollis is played by Douglass Montgomery, who holds a commission in the Canadian Infantry. He was given leave at the request of the Air Ministry to play the part

dialect. Beckoning his audience to come nearer, the white-haired savant proceeded: 'When we arrived at Katapana, we were received by six chiefs, each of whom offered us a putrescent coconut as an emblem of friendship. I produced my fiddle, Geoffrey Biddulph his viola, and together we played Sonatas by Bach for two hours. This greatly excited the Chiefs, they danced, and one of the Chief's wives served us with Choroka-Choroka, a dish consisting of faded aspen-leaves braised in molasses, and a delicacy, I was afterwards informed, normally proffered only to Royalty. A Chief called Ovakuangar then played some tribal songs on the Machuculumbwe, a double-flute with twenty holes. This, explained Ovakuangar, serves the dual purpose of being used as a musical instrument or a weapon in tribal disputes, since it is capable of discharging bullets at the rate of fifty per fifteen seconds. Dr. Livingstone, I was told, had some difficulty in evading these missiles after reading the tribe of Chikumbalas lengthy extracts from Wordsworth's *Excursion*.

"AFTER this Sandra Lobilla and I played on our two bassoons, at which the Chiefs were much delighted. They danced again and threw spears ecstatically at some of their women, who dodged them with practised expertise. One of the Chiefs, I regret to say, threw a spear at me which nearly lodged in my rear. I protested against this, but the Chief explained that it would be unthinkable, according to the etiquette of his tribe, not to throw a spear at at least one guest in the course of the rejoicings. After this the Chiefs ordered their soldiers to perform the Mkanyela, which is danced on one foot and one arm, each soldier balancing simultaneously a giant pineapple on his nose. The effect is enchanting and reminds one of Gydnya Kosseloffsky in Rostopschin's delightful ballet, *Night on the River Vodka*. After the dance the Chiefs invited us into their tent, which was decorated with the painted skulls of relatives, and served us with their own hands a huge dish of Bambocha, a fricassee made, so I was told, of the choicest Magagora lizards.

"We also drank the native brew, Chanuhongu, distilled from the gall-bladders of baby-ichneumons. On parting, the Chiefs presented each of us with a skull, some containing stewed vipers to sustain us on our journey. Altogether a delightful visit, though Sonia Bodega found some difficulty with the native flies, or barotse, I think they are called—which are sometimes as much as two feet long and so powerful that they are capable of snatching up the local babies and carrying them off to the river.' Every one was greatly impressed by the Professor's travel-story, and a nostalgic touch was added when the venerable lecturer threw himself face-downwards on the thistles and murmured, in a voice choked with tears: 'Karaheitei Bazizuzu Olikaka, kaka, koko.' Stillness reigned all round the forest. 'Quelle nuit ambrosienne!' sighed the Baronne de la Frôle-Derrière."

COME along, you film magnates. Get your scenario-monger to weave a love-story round this. What love-story? Any love-story.



# The Theatre

"The Shop At Sly Corner" (St. Martin's)

THE benign old gentleman at his desk in the cosily ornate room above the shop at Sly Corner is dead right from the outset. He suggests a mystery which will bear a good deal of leisurely probing. Is he a distinguished artist or a successful charlatan, an ageing poet polishing a sonnet of his Final Period or a fashionable palmist studying the Lines of Destiny in diagram? The white hair, noble brow and brilliant eyes of Mr. Kenneth

theatre and the benign old rascal walks over to the heavy ornamental mantelpiece. Slowly it swings open to reveal—is it a safe or is it a

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



*Joyful Daily:* Mrs. Catt finds consolation in the bottle (Ada Reeve)

Kent favour the first surmise; the claret-coloured smoking jacket and a slightly furtive air cast a doubt.

The charmingly respectable daughter who appears in the person of Miss Victoria Hopper shoos the doubt away into a dark corner whence it re-emerges as we observe that Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, the old gentleman's sister, goes in dark-eyed fear of something. And the doubt has its somewhat blatant triumph with the arrival of Mr. Ernest Jay, a cheerfully shifty purloiner of precious stones. The benign old gentleman is in sober fact a receiver and re-setter of stolen jewels. But about the daughter and about her sailor home from the sea we cannot be mistaken. She is as innocent as the morning dew and he is a credit to his ship. So what?

MR. EDWARD PERCY, an old hand with thrills and suspense, knows not only what, but how. The young people have gone off to the

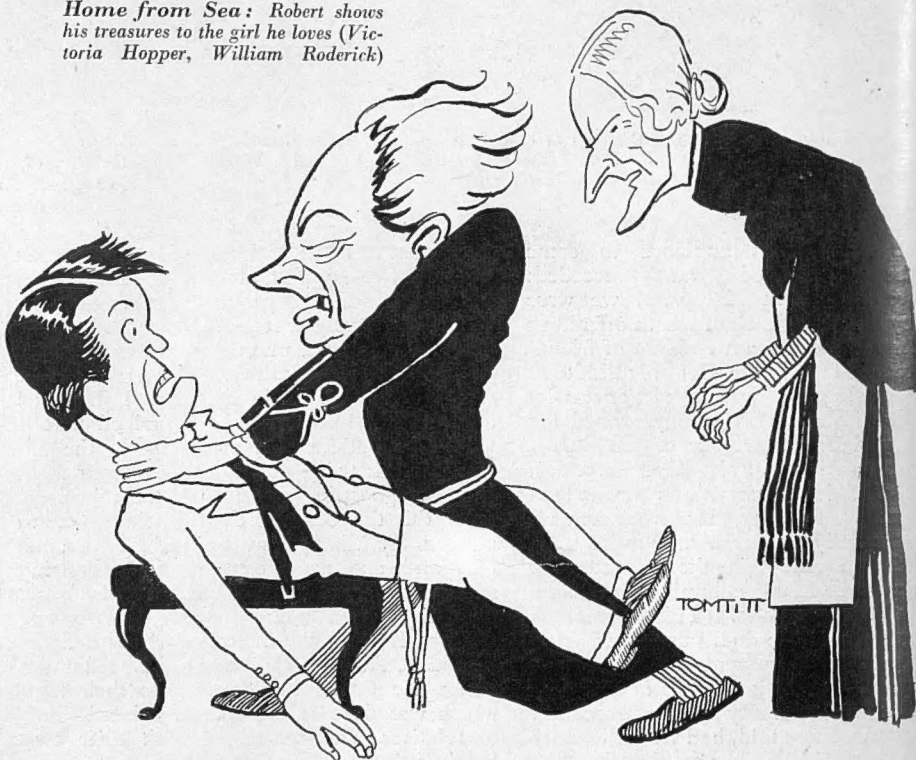


*Home from Sea:* Robert shows his treasures to the girl he loves (Victoria Hopper, William Roderick)

furnace? In any case, a red glow suffuses the darkened room, and against this sinister light stands the cheeky young shop assistant, as plainly a figure of blackmail as if he were personifying the vice in an old morality play. Now to a "fence" as resourceful as the old man of Sly Corner a levy on profits is an inconvenience and it may even lead to blue ruin, but it is hardly a strong enough motive for murder. Mr. Percy provides that through the young blackmailer's impudent demand that the pretty daughter of the house should give up her sailor for him, and he is duly throttled.

THE rest of the evening is given up to the antique dealer's reckoning with the police. He thinks he has got away with it and he is right; then, unfortunately for himself, he becomes convinced that he hasn't. It is only after he has pressed a poisoned dart into his own hand that he realizes his mistake. He accepts his destiny with humorous good grace and retains our sympathy, for rascal as he may be, he has been more concerned for his daughter's innocence than for his own safety. There remains a small bone to pick with the author of this excellent specimen of the thriller which, though not first-rate, is always entertaining and often exciting. When the detective returns as we suppose to make his arrest but really to inspect a suit of old armour which has taken his fancy a policeman's form is seen at the window and naturally we imagine that the house has been surrounded. But the policeman is really no more than a chance loiterer. The less wary members of the audience may go away with the mistaken notion that the murderer's suicide had been timely and necessary. They may not have noticed that from time to time the window has shown other insignificant passers-by, and when undeceived by their more vigilant friends may consider this a poor piece of stagecraft. Leaving an audience to continue a story as it pleases may be highly effective. It is quite another thing to make the point of a story depend on lynx-eyed observation. The acting is good all round, and to the characters who carry on the plot Miss Ada Reeve adds a delightful sketch of a tipsily valetudinarian charwoman.

ANTHONY COOKMAN.



*Blackmailer's End:* Archie meets sudden death at the hands of his employer, Descius. Aunt Margaret looks on. (John Carol, Kenneth Kent, Cathleen Nesbitt)





Miss Prudence Stewart-Wilson, the Duke of Rutland, still limping as the result of a wound, Mrs. Elmhurst, Miss Caroline Elmhurst and Roger Elmhurst



Mr. Michael Mosley and his sister, Miss Vivien Mosley, who are the children of the late Lady Cynthia Mosley, were with Miss Hyslop and their aunt, Baroness Ravensdale

## The First Post-War "Fourth"

Eton Ramblers v. Eton College



Lord Cromwell, who is in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, and Lady Cromwell had their son and heir, the Hon. David Bewicke-Copley, with them



Countess Paul Munster, Mr. Michael Hornby, Mr. Anthony Hornby, Mrs. Michael Hornby, Miss Susan Hornby and Mr. Peter Munster were all watching the cricket

● The day began by being showery, but brightened into fine June weather, much to everyone's relief, at the Fourth of June celebrations at Eton. A large crowd arrived with the sun in the afternoon to watch the cricket, which had carried on gallantly during the more uncertain weather. H.R.H. Princess Margaret Rose was there with a party, and looking very charming in pale blue. Among the visitors were Mr. Anthony Eden, who came down to see his son, Nicholas, and Mr. Ralph Assheton, M.P., the chairman of the Conservative Party, with his family. Further photographs on pages 328-29

Photographs by Sueaeb



Major and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe with their son David, and their twin daughters, Davina and Linda. Lady Alexandra is a sister of Baroness Ravensdale



Walking around together were Mrs. G. McGregor, the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, and their son and heir, Viscount Stormont

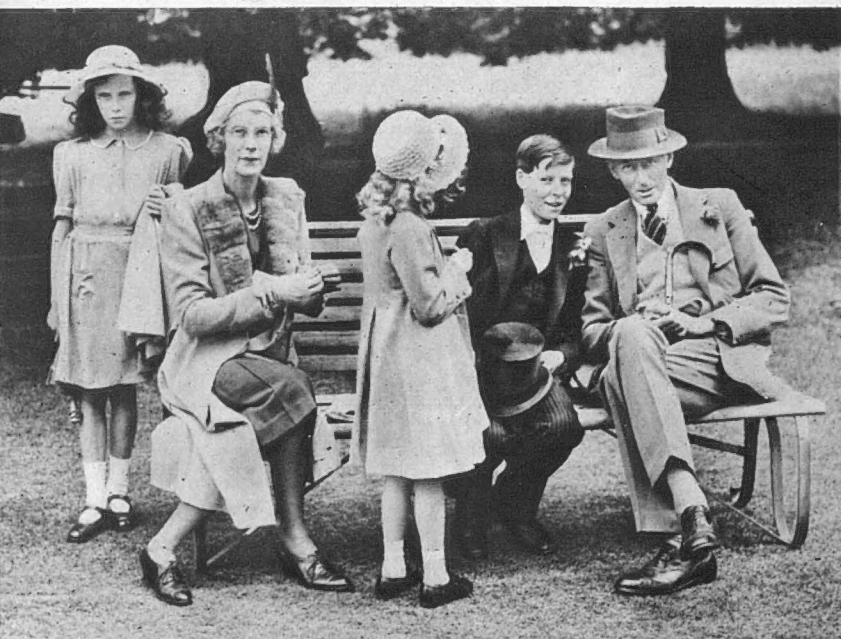




Lady Noble, the wife of Sir Humphrey Noble, brought her daughter Liliias with her to the celebrations. They are with her younger son, Peter Noble



The Hon. Mrs. Petherick was with S/Lt. O. N. A. Cecil and the Hon. Mrs. Cecil



The Master of Gray and his wife had three of their children with them, Fiona, Christine and Angus



Miss Rosaline Rivett helped the Hon. Mrs. F. N. W. Cornwallis to lay out the picnic lunch on the grass. Mrs. Cornwallis was Judith Lacy Scott, and married Lord Cornwallis's only son and heir in 1942

## The Fourth of June



The Crew of the Hibernia During the Procession



Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, Chief of Bomber Command, strolled round with Mrs. Fleetwood-Hesketh and Lady Harris (right)





*A happy bone-picking party, lunching in style, were Hugo Philipps, Lady Moorea Hastings and the Hon. Wogan and Mrs. Philipps. Lady Moorea is the Earl of Huntingdon's daughter*



*The Earl and Countess of Limerick and their elder son, Patrick (Viscount Glentworth), were well prepared for the sudden showers*

More Pictures Taken at Eton's Biggest "Fourth" Since 1939.



*The Ramblers' First Eleven Go Out to Field*



*S/Ldr. Sir Gifford Fox, M.P., brought his wife and daughter*



*The Duchess of Grafton with Lord Michael Fitzroy, the Duke of Grafton, Lord Edward Fitzroy and Capt. Lovegrove*



*Lt.-Col. G. H. Grosvenor walked over to the playing fields with Mrs. John Ward and Mrs. G. H. Grosvenor*



# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Farewell

**K**ING HAAKON OF NORWAY was one of several recent callers of more than usual interest at Buckingham Palace. His Majesty came, with his daughter-in-law, Crown Princess Marthe, to lunch with the King and Queen, and to take leave of them before setting out on the journey to Oslo, the journey home to which he, and his people in Norway, have looked forward with such longing for so long. His friends have heard many times from the King of Norway what happy recollections he takes away with him of his prolonged stay in this country, and there is probably no other single prominent figure among the wartime exiles of London who has become so popular over here. His friendly manner and his entire lack of

Princess Margaret Rose motored down from Windsor Castle during the afternoon and watched the cricket and procession of boats, and as the boats passed the enclosure where the Princess was sitting, the band of the Grenadier Guards played the famous Eton Boating Song. The boys in the lower boats were not wearing the traditional costumes worn in pre-war days; nevertheless, the scene was a gay one, and we may hope that by next year the war with Japan will be over and all the old splendours will reappear and the flood-lighting and firework display be resumed.

There was a dance in the evening in aid of the Red Cross and St. John Fund—a wartime innovation—which, as usual, proved a tremendous success.



*The Duchess of Kent at Norwich*

The Duchess of Kent, with Mr. Herbert Barker, O.B.E., walking in the grounds of the Prince of Wales Sea Training Hostel for Boys, at Ingham Old Hall, near Norwich, during her recent visit to one of the Society's hostels



*H.M. the Queen Inspects the Central Flag Day Depot*

H.M. the Queen, who is seen putting her contribution into a collection-box held by Miss Diana Ward, was inspecting the Flag Day Depot of the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund at the London Museum, Lancaster House. Also selling flags, in Red Cross uniform, was Lady Irene Haig, who is the present Earl's youngest sister



*H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth Visits Girls' Club*

Princess Elizabeth recently visited the National Association of Girls' and Mixed Clubs, to hand over a gift from the schoolchildren of New South Wales, consisting of various woolly clothes, to the Queen Charlotte's and Queen Elizabeth Hospitals. Princess Elizabeth, with Mrs. Walter Elliott, smilingly examines a crib fitted with some of them

anything approaching haughtiness have won him countless friends all over this country.

### "Fourth" at Eton

**T**HE happiest "Fourth" for five years was celebrated at Eton on June 2nd, and with peace in Europe many families were reunited on this occasion for the first time for many a long day. With the return of the basic petrol ration there were many cars to be seen in the car parks, and nearly all day there was the inevitable queue in the narrow Eton High Street. Several heavy showers during the morning, and a very heavy one just as everyone was going to lunch, failed to dampen the general air of festivity, and in the afternoon the weather improved and there were long spells of bright sunshine.

The cricketers were very enterprising, and started their matches on Agars Plough and Upper Club before midday. On Agars, the Eton side were beaten by a very strong Ramblers side, captained by Colonel "Bunce" Cartwright, which included such first-class players as Major "Gubby" Allen, a former England captain, Major Ronnie Aird, Mr. George Newman, his brother-in-law, Captain the Hon. N. Villiers, and Major the Hon. Charles Lyttelton.

### Among the Visitors

**P**ICNICS were again the order of the day, and many parents arrived with well-packed baskets. Early arrivals were the Duke and Duchess of Grafton, escorted by the Duke's two young sons, Lords Edward and Michael Fitzroy; Viscount and Viscountess Hambleden spent the day with their son and heir, the Hon. William Smith, and brought their little daughter, the Hon. Katherine Smith, with them; she looked sweet in a pink coat, walking with her tall father.

Another family party were the Hon. Arthur Howard, the Conservative candidate for St. George's Division, Westminster, and his wife, Lady Lorna Howard, with their daughter, Kiloran, who is in the W.R.N.S., and their two sons. The elder son, Robin, went straight into the Scots Guards from Eton and was badly wounded in Belgium early this year. Lord and Lady Cromwell, with their son, the Hon. David Bewicke-Copley, were chatting to Major and Mrs. Rosselli, who had a picnic party for ten. The Rossellis had their son, their very attractive daughter, who is growing so like her mother, and Harry Hall, the Countess of Beatty's younger son and a great friend of Hugh Rosselli's, with them. Lady Congleton was walking round with several of

her young family; Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer were greeting many friends, who were delighted to see Sir Anthony about again after his serious wounds; Mrs. Tony Bellville had brought her tall schoolgirl daughter, who was watching the cricket intently; and the Hon. Mrs. Butterwick, in tremendous form, was meeting friends everywhere.

Others I saw were the Duke of Rutland, Lord Rowallan, the Chief Scout, with his son, the Hon. J. Corbett, who is in Mr. Roe's house; Mr. Anthony Eden, who was sitting quietly with his son, Nicholas; Mr. Ralph Ashteton with his son; the Earl and Countess of Minto with their younger boy, the Hon. George Elliot; Sir George and Lady Mary Crichton; and Earl Bathurst in khaki, who had come over from the O.C.T.U., where he is training. The Earl and Countess of Limerick were walking round with their son and heir, Viscount Glentworth; Captain and Mrs. Robin Grosvenor were with their son, and altogether it seemed to be the biggest and happiest crowd we have seen at Eton since 1939.

### Royal Windsor Races

**M**ANY people combined "the Fourth" with racing at Windsor, and once again there was a tremendous crowd and the traffic jam



Mayor's Air Raid Distress Fund towards the work of the hospital. Mr. Walter Hutchinson, who was present, promised £350 to provide a dark-room, and Lady Ravensdale undertook to bear the cost of an X-ray viewing screen in the new hospital.

Sir Alfred Webb-Johnson spoke about the wonderful work of the hospital, which is run entirely by women, and Mlle. Eve Curie, daughter of the late Mme. Marie Curie, made an excellent speech appealing for funds.

Baroness Ravensdale also made a very strong appeal. "We have been fighting a dreaded enemy on the Continent, and are still fighting one in the Far East," she said, "but at all times cancer is one of the most feared enemies of mankind." Donations to the Marie Curie Hospital may be sent to their temporary address at 2, Fitzjohns Avenue, N.W.3.



### Mansion House Luncheon in Aid of the Marie Curie Hospital

Swabe

More than £8000 was raised as the result of the luncheon held at the Mansion House, to help the Lord Mayor's Appeal Fund for the Marie Curie Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases. (Above) The Lady Mayoress, the Lord Mayor of London, H.R.H. Princess Arthur of Connaught, who was the guest of honour, and Lady Loder, chairman of the appeal committee



Brodrick Vernon

### On Leave from the A.T.A.

Walking on the Chelsea Embankment with her Cairn terrier, Peanut, was Mrs. Derek Barnato Walker. A pilot in the A.T.A., she is W/Cdr. Woolf Barnato's younger daughter, and married W/Cdr. Derek Roland Walker, D.F.C., last year

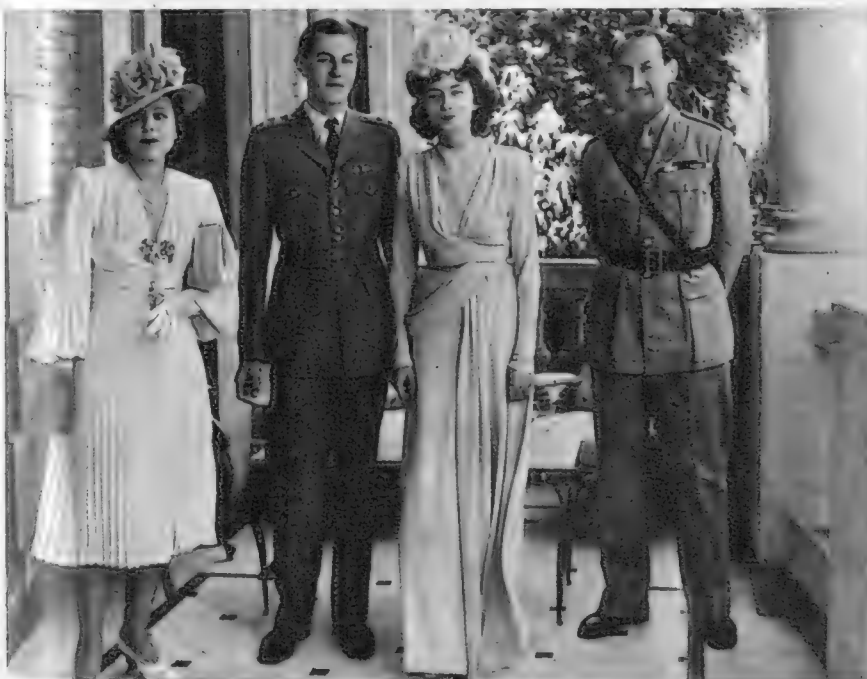
of cars and taxis was chaotic—three abreast nearly into Windsor. The racing was excellent, the Duke of Norfolk's beautifully named filly, Blue Angel, winning the first race in very convincing style: Lord Irwin's nice chestnut colt Banco won the fourth race even more easily, and Sir Malcolm McAlpine's Derby outsider, Concentration, started favourite for the Coronation Cup Trial Stakes, and duly obliged.

Mr. Marcus Marsh, who has been a prisoner of war since 1940, and who trained Windsor Lad, the 1934 Derby winner, was talking to Colonel the Maharaja of Rajpipla, who owned Windsor Lad; Captain John Baillie, a keen supporter of flat-racing, was there; so were Captain Fulke Walwyn and his lovely wife, who has been helping to carry on his very successful stable which did so well during the recent brief "jumping" season; and Major Peter Herbert, one of our best G.R.s in pre-war days, who was having his first leave since he went to Normandy with the Household Cavalry regiment last summer. Lieut.-Colonel John Thomson was with his wife; they have several good steeplechasers in training, and Colonel

Thomson hopes to be home by next season to see them run. The Countess of Rosebery was watching the horses being saddled, with her daughter, the Duchess of Norfolk, and her daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Strutt; and amongst others I saw Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper, the Countess of Kimberley, the Hon. Mrs. Innes, Lord Lovat, Captain Tom Egerton, Vera Lady Broughton, Major Gervase Falkiner, Captain Jack Clayton, Mrs. Cyril Douglas-Pennant, Brigadier "Gerry" Fielden, Lord Willoughby de Broke and the Hon. Henry Tufton.

### Mansion House Luncheon

At the invitation of the Lord Mayor, a lunch was given at the Mansion House in aid of the Marie Curie Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases, and a good start was made towards raising the £250,000 needed to rebuild and equip the hospital, which was destroyed by a direct hit in February 1944. Over £8000 was raised as the result of this luncheon, and Sir Frank Alexander, the Lord Mayor, announced that £2500 was being sent from the Lord



### Crete Hero Marries Polish Countess in Cairo

Capt. Stanley Moss, Coldstream Guards, who helped to capture the German General Karl Kreipe during the daring British raid on Crete, married Countess Zophia Tarnowska, of Cracow. Witnesses at the ceremony were Prince Peter of Greece and Major the Hon. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie. The bride and bridegroom are seen with Prince and Princess Peter of Greece



### The Queen's Cousin Married at Westminster

Lt.-Col. F. A. D'Abreu, R.A.M.C., of 82, Harley Street, and son of the late Dr. J. F. D'Abreu, and Mrs. D'Abreu, of Birmingham, married Miss Margaret Anne Bowes-Lyon, younger daughter of Major the Hon. Patrick Bowes-Lyon, and a cousin of H.M. the Queen, at Westminster Abbey. Brig. Myles Formby was best man



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**D**OWN in the Hick Belt we haven't yet made up our minds, such as they are, about the Colorado Beetle. The beetle, now ravaging potato-crops in the Channel Islands, may cross to the mainland before long. The Ministry of Agriculture has already sent one expert to investigate. The Ministry may send more. In which case many of us hayseeds would prefer the Colorado Beetle.

If you've ever noticed that lovely bird, the swift, skimming and swooping at 150 m.p.h. you'll have seen him wriggle and shrug continually, like a tramp in the Park, and for the same reason, oddly enough; the swift being tormented by a dumb insect chum called the hippobosca, which lives cosily under his wings and bites hell out of him. Bureaucracy, with its myriad forms, inspectors, officials, and experts, affects us hayseeds similarly. It cannot prevent our living the Life Beautiful, like the birdies, but it gives us at regular intervals the Jerk Lousy, leading at times to the Urge Violent. As the poet says in his charming lines on the rude fourflushers of the hamlet:

Full many a nark from Whitehall's caves obscene  
Invades the fields and deems himself secure;  
Full many a form is doomed to wilt unseen  
While Whitehall bones are ground to make manure.

How the swift gets rid of the tiny bureaucrats who make his own life a misery we wouldn't know. Speed on the wing evidently

doesn't do it, as we pointed out recently to an overwrought agricultural friend who one night at bedtime fancied himself to be Wendy Darling and was prevented from flying out of the window over the treetops to the Never-Never Land just in time.

## Smasho

**T**HE sheiks have not forgotten what Lawrence of Arabia taught them about blowing up trains all those years ago, we note from the recent fuss and charivari in Syria. Maybe the sunburned sons of the Desert, just boys at heart, have been longing for another crack at this game ever since. The technique is certainly fascinating in its almost nursery simplicity. One touch on the electric key and up goes a puff-puff and a string of trucks half a mile away. Except when the jigger fails to work (as happened at least once with Lawrence himself, leading to a horrid moment when he had to sit and grin helplessly at a long Turkish train slowly rumbling past a few yards distant, bungful of troops and guns and suspicious Turk and German officers raking him with binoculars) there's nothing to touch it for satisfying results after the minimum of labour. Had Guy-Fawkes lived a couple of centuries later he'd have been able to demonstrate much more effectively what may happen when chaps are driven cuckoo by persecution.



MAURICE MCLOUGHLIN

"Gum, for the love of Allah!"

## Offering

**T**HE effect of this Syrian train-busting renaissance on Arab poetry we shall probably never know till some don compiles the Oxford Book of Modern Arab Verse. The desert Arabs are given to celebrating events of this kind in intensely long, intensely dull poems droned through the nose. E.g.:

The moon is full and the wind is rising. Where are the gazelles?

Where is that so-and-so Ali ben Hassan?

May jackals spit sideways on his dishonoured grave.

There we were, all set for the 4.55 from Homs, and that illegitimate spawn of a glander louse got a short-circuit;

Ai! Ai!

We should have got that cross-eyed electrical son of Shaitan from Smoky Joe's garage in Aleppo (etc., etc., etc.).

And so on, endlessly, like a Bloomsbury poetry-recital, except that no male sopranos are performing. The male sopranos of Bloomsbury—Sorry. We forgot the mems are present.

## Contretemps

**U**NDER the mistaken impression that it will improve their net sales, quite a gaggle of booky boys is standing for Parliament in the forthcoming general election, we observe.

This scheme has one enormous drawback. Sooner or later the hamfaced public will see what the boys really look like, instead of being fobbed off with the usual ethereal studio-photograph taken in 1925, when they were relatively better-looking. Moreover the boys will be deprived of the customary studio "props"—books, pipes, masks, doggies, flowers, casts from the antique, and tenderly-leaning silver-haired mothers—supplied by Swiftsure Literary Accessories, Ltd., of 278A Wardour Street (Izzy & H. Burpstein, mng. drs.). Nobody is more

(Concluded on page 334)



"Oh, good—Otto Schnertzhoff is the assistant director of sound-track continuity"





*Mrs. Gerald Walker, who is the widow of Major G. Walker, 14/20th Hussars, was chatting to Miss B. Watson*



*Mrs. Towers Clarke, with her daughter, Miss Towers Clarke, who has been serving in the W.R.N.S., were listening to Mr. J. A. Crean*

## A Day at the Races

Familiar Faces in the Paddock at Windsor



*The Hon. Dorothy Paget was leaving the paddock with Miss Ruth Charlton and friend*



*Lord and Lady Irwin were together. Lord Irwin's two-year-old Banco had his fourth successive win when he won the Fireworks Plate*



*Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper, who is the Earl of Shaftesbury's younger daughter, was wearing a very smart forage cap. With her is Col. Richardson*

• A noticeable feature at the Windsor races were the crowds who arrived in their cars, which were out of store for probably the first time since 1942. Sir Malcolm McAlpine's Concentration won the Coronation Cup Trial Stakes, and Lord Irwin's two-year-old colt Banco had his fourth successive win when he won the Fireworks Plate. The Hon. Dorothy Paget, who is Lord Queenborough's second daughter, had two seconds during the day. Back from a prisoner-of-war camp was Mr. Marcus Marsh, the trainer, and Mr. Fulke Walwyn was home on fourteen days' leave. His successful stable is ably supervised by his wife during his absence, and has turned out many winners during the jumping season



*Mr. Marcus Marsh, the trainer, who has been a prisoner of war, hopes to start training again soon. He is with his former head lad, H. A. Coventry*



*Mr. Fulke Walwyn, home on leave, was there with Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, who has been supervising his very successful stable in his absence*



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

pessimistic concerning their chances, we find, than the leading silver-haired mother in the accessories racket, a lady professionally known as Acidity Annie, or Florrie the Flop, owing to her habit of collapsing just as the camera-bulb is squeezed. Most leading booksy boys are familiar with the subsequent fracas.

"Kaput! So! Ach, du lieber Gott!"

"Sorry, Mr. Burpstein, I'm sure."

"By me it is not so good you bitch me the works! By you it is fön, eh? Yes? No? So!"

"It's me acidity, dear."

Here the literary boy removes his forefinger from his dome and says in a deep voice:

"No matter! Let the Work proceed!"

Nobody takes any notice.

"Acidity nothing, you think maybe it should be so I slip you two nicker so you should pass out herein, yes? No? Ach, pfui!"

"Oh, Mr. Burpstein."

After one or two re-groupings all is well, generally, except that many literary boys complain peevishly of hot Gordon's breathed down their necks. But as the publisher's word is law and one of his narks is generally present, the mother-angle has to stand.

## Tossspots

PROPOS that valuable little jingle in the New York patois by Professor Morris Bishop we quoted recently, naming all the Presidents of the United States in proper order, an American friend points out that the Presidential roll contains only one drunk and only one crook, which as big-time politics go is not too bad.

The crook is, of course, Warren Gamaliel Harding, who came between Woodrow

Wilson and Calvin ("Dill-Pickle") Coolidge, was run by the Ohio underworld, as everyone was aware, lived in a whirl of rackets and scandals, and died in what the police call "mysterious circumstances." The drunk, a far nicer type—just as George IV is nicer than Henry VIII—is Andrew Johnson, Lincoln's successor, whose incoherent inaugural performance as Vice-President caused blushes of shame to mantle the consternated pans of all the big bonnets present and earned him the cut-direct from Lincoln afterwards. It's not for the likes of us to look down our nose at poor Mr. Johnson. The Race owes a great deal to drunks (cf. Pitt, Fox, et al.) and we were far from joining in that chorus of indignant horror a few years ago when Dr. Salter (Lab.) alleged severely that numbers of the boys—no names, no pack-drill—turned up for legislative duties more or less shellacked. Not that one would rashly encourage M.P.s to hit the bottle, but it might, like suffering, improve their style at times.

Which inevitably recalls Mr. Belloc's famous epigram on a General Election of the 1900's:

The accursed power which stands on Privilege  
(And goes with Women, and Champagne, and Bridge)  
Broke; and Democracy resumed her reign,  
(Which goes with Bridge, and Women, and Champagne).

Everything has changed for the better since then, a chap in close touch was telling us.



"We called it that because we did so much hunting before we found it"

## Fantasy

IT diverted this department mildly to find the Fleet Street boys printing the photograph of Major Quisling the other day with captions like: "Look at those staring eyes! Look at that evil face!" For Quisling looked like any ordinary citizen, and perhaps a trifle more respectable.

Evidently the boys still cling to the quaint Lombroso Theory, of which a bored legal chap wrote some time ago:

To postulate a Criminal Type  
Is obviously bunk, or tripe,  
When bow-legs and an ugly clock  
Are common both to Bench  
and dock.

Lombroso's fantasy about the Criminal Type, as a matter of fact, won him not a few raspberries even during his lifetime. A medical student once showed him the skull of Charlotte Corday (so he said) from a private museum; on which Lombroso evolved a wonderful mystic piece of interpretative and analytical fluff, only to discover later that the skull had been picked up in a Paris junkshop for five francs. Many scientists are a gift to playboys like this, owing to their arrogance and the jealousy they share with showgirls and bullfighters, as the great Huxley once sadly implied. Their vendettas are frightful.

Contemplating the British Association conducting its annual jamboree, one wonders what is cooking inside some of those polished and venerable domes. Probably nothing more sinister than a desire to destroy the principal speakers.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



... and just one more thing before you go, Captain Perry—there's a great deal of difference between a woman abandoned and an abandoned woman"





*Puddicombe, Exmouth*  
**Mrs. John Dill** with her daughter **Rosanne**. Her husband is the only child of the late Field-Marshal Sir John Dill, who died in Washington in November 1944, where he was head of the British Joint Staff Mission in the United States

## Young Marrieds and Their Children



*Compton Collier*  
**Mrs. Richard Buckley**, who is the daughter of the late Lt.-Cdr. Sir August Cayzer, R.N., and sister of the present baronet, is the wife of Major Richard Buckley, the Highland Light Infantry. She is seen with Peter Neville, and Hermione Mary Buckley, and her daughter by her previous marriage, Pamela Kaye



*Dennis Moss*

**Major Sir Delaval Cotter, D.S.O., and Lady Cotter**, photographed with their daughter, **Sarah Gay**, and **Michael and Alistair MacEwen**, Lady Cotter's two sons by her previous marriage. Major Sir Delaval Cotter, who is the sixth Baronet, is in the 13/18th Royal Hussars



*Jerome Dessain*  
**The Hon. Mrs. Douglas Vivian**, seen with her daughter **Deborah**, is the wife of the Hon. Douglas Vivian, who is a son of the late Lord Vivian, and a half-brother of the present baron. The Hon. Mrs. Vivian was Miss Mary Borthwick before her marriage





*Sabina*: "Every night it's the same thing. Will he come back safe or won't he?"

*Sabina the maid, and man's eternal temptress (Vivien Leigh), seeks comfort from the stolid Mrs. Antrobus (Joan Young) as she bewails that the master, Mr. Antrobus, may have perished in the intense cold, and then they will all die, for he is the mainstay of the family's struggle for existence*



*Sabina*: "Tell me my fortune"

*Sabina, now the centre of attraction, has matrimonial designs on Mr. Antrobus. The Fortune Teller (Ena Burrill) refuses to tell Sabina's hand, but encourages her in her scheming, and soliloquises with sinister eloquence on the coming of the deluge which will sweep away mankind*



*Mrs. Antrobus*: "When your father comes home, I want you to be extra quiet"

*Mrs. Antrobus, who is the symbol of all motherhood, quietens her children (Pamela Conroy and Terry Morgan) before their father returns. For Mr. Antrobus, who has just completed his discovery of the alphabet and has invented the wheel, will not want to be disturbed by the frictions of his family. The family pets, the Dinosaur and Mammoth, share the fire with them*

## "The Skin of Our Teeth"

Thornton Wilder's Crazy Kaleidoscopic Version of the History of Mankind

Photographs by John Vickers



*Mrs. Antrobus*: "Sh... I'll put this coat over you. Your room's hardly damaged at all. Your football trophies are a little tarnished, but Sabina and I will polish them to-morrow"

*Mrs. Antrobus comforts her son Henry on his return wounded from seventy years' war, while her daughter, with her baby in her arms, Sabina, who has been a camp follower, look on with consternation*





**Sabina:** "Pass up your chairs, everybody. Save the human race."

*Sabina appeals to the audience to help with fuel for the fire to save them from the coming of the ice. Mr. Antrobus (Cecil Parker) has returned and told them it is the only way to survive. The family huddle round the fire, accompanied by a motley company of acquaintances*

The play, in a form of slapstick symbolism, portrays how man has survived the skin of his teeth through the Ice Age, the deluge, and a total war lasting seventy years. Here there is none of the usual detachment of a play going behind footlights, for the actors periodically come down off the stage and confide in their own personal impressions to the audience. Vivien Leigh as the eternal temptress, and beautiful temptress of man, for ever trying to get Everyman away from his wife, gives the outstanding performance of her career, while Mr. Antrobus, played by Cecil Parker, is the personification of Everyman, with his faults and virtues. Jean Young, as his wife, and to whom he always returns despite the seductions of the fair siren, gives an excellent performance. This brilliant production is a further tribute to Laurence Olivier's directorial genius. Another notable feature is the original and striking decor by Roger Furse.



**Mr. Antrobus:** "You're the last person I wanted to see. The sight of you dries up all my plans and hopes."

*Mr. Antrobus has also survived the war, but fights bitterly with his son on their return to their old home. Henry, who is the embodiment of fanatical destruction and death, is the typical Cain, venomous against all that is worthwhile in life*



**Sabina:** "Mr. Antrobus, I've wanted to make sure that you don't think I'm the kind of girl who goes out for beauty contests."

*The ice is passed and the family prosper. Mr. Antrobus has just been elected President of the Society of Mammals at Atlantic City, while Sabina has risen to the exotic heights of Beauty Queen. She tries her wiles on Mr. Antrobus, with temporary success*



**Sabina:** "Mrs. Antrobus, if it's all right with you, I'd like to go to the bonfire and celebrate, seeing the war's over."

*The ice, the deluge and the war are over, and yet the end is the same as the beginning, for life goes on the same way, and mankind has survived everything by the skin of its teeth. Mr. Antrobus settles down to a contented evening with his wife, while Sabina sinks back to the life of the kitchen*



# Down on the Farm

Mrs. Berkeley Owen at Her  
Dairy Farm in Berkshire



*Handport Farm, Bracknell, Berkshire*

● Mrs. Berkeley Owen most ably runs her dairy farm of pedigree Guernsey cows in the absence of her husband, F/O. Berkeley Owen, who is at present in the Air-Sea Rescue Service. The Berkeley Owens have a daughter, Angela Deirdré, who was christened in March, and has the Hon. Mrs. Stobart-Whetherly, Viscount Leverhulme's youngest daughter, and the Hon. John Willoughby for two of her godparents. Mrs. Berkeley Owen is a sister of the well-known polo player S/Ldr. Eric Tyrrell-Martin, and a niece of General Sir Clive Liddell, the Acting Chief Commissioner of St. John Ambulance Brigade, and Lady Liddell



*Mrs. Berkeley Owen with Angela Deirdré*

*Photographs by Swaebe*



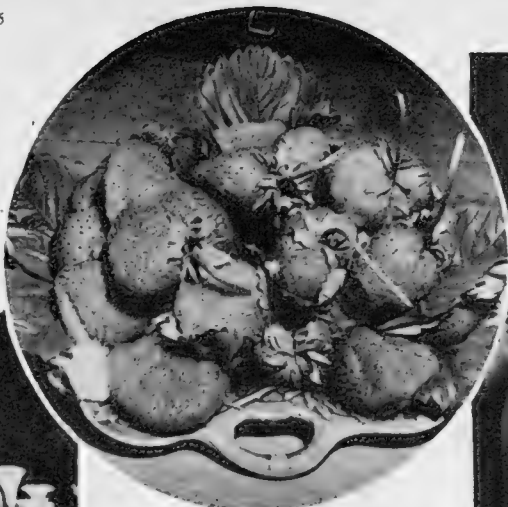
*An Expert With the Tractor*



*A New Guernsey Calf Looks at the World*



# At the Royal Horticultural Hall



These strawberries, "Royal Sovereign," by Mrs. M. Lyall, of Home Close, Burnham, were very much admired by all the visitors.

● The Royal Horticultural Society's great spring show, the Chelsea flower show of peacetime, was held at the Royal Horticultural Hall at Westminster. Awards of merit were granted to Lord Aberconway, Lord Swaythling and Major E. de Rothschild



Lady Lawrence, Red Cross Deputy County President, Surrey, looked at the begonias by Blackmore and Langdon, Bath



The judges, Mr. D. Allen and Mr. G. W. Leak, chairman of the Floral Committee, admired the exhibit "Yellow Arums," by the Duke of Richmond



Mr. Middleton, of radio fame, and Mr. A. Falconer examined the hydrangeas grown at Stamford Park



Lt.-Col. G. E. Simmons, M.B.E., from Canada, and his wife looked at the Russell lupins by Carlile



Miss Stewart inspected her father's array of exhibits, which included some very fine rhododendrons



Sir John Ramsden was at the show. He is the sixth Baronet, and his elder son, Lt. J. St. Maur Ramsden, R.N.V.R., is married to the Earl of Ancaster's elder daughter



The Hon. Henry Tufton, who is Lord Hothfield's elder son, went round the Hall with his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Tufton



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Handicapping

An industrious student of form sent me the following assessment of this year's three-year-olds at a mile, a venturesome calculation, since at the time it was made only very few of them had faced that distance. It was made before the Two Thousand and One Thousand were run:

	st. lb.		st. lb.
Dante	9 4	Chamossaire	8 7
Court Martial	9 1	Royal Charger	8 7
Exotic	9 0	Happy Grace	8 7
Sun Stream	9 0	Sun Honey	8 7
Mrs. Feather	8 13	Blue Smoke	8 6
Grandmaster	8 13	Manuchehr	8 5
High Peak	8 10	Savile Row	8 4
Fairthorn	8 10	Rising Light	8 3
Vicinity	8 10	Darbhaghah	8 2
Golden Girl	8 10	Blue Water	8 2
Sun Storm	8 9		

It is an interesting study vis-à-vis what we now know! Mr. Bull, Dante's champion, I know will be scandalised that anything should have been put within 3 lb. of his idol! Incidentally,

and the Leger, which was. In the Leger, which was the real test, Herringbone won by a short head from gallant little Ribbon, Straight Deal, the Derby winner, a length away, third, beating Persian Gulf three-quarters of a length, Tropical Sun, a head away, fifth. A grand race! Next season (1944) Persian Gulf ran five times, won four, and was only beaten a neck on the other occasion by Umiddad, to whom he was giving 4 lb. This was in the Thorney Stakes, at Newmarket, 1½ miles and 150 yards. Here is the record of Persian Gulf's 1944 wins; April Stakes, 1½-mile, won by 6 lengths in 2 min. 35½ sec., making a hack of the odds-on favourite, Paper Boy, from whom, however, he was getting 15 lb.; the Linton Stakes, 1 mile 3 furlongs, won by a neck, with 9 st. 2 lb., from High Chancellor, 8 st. 2 lb., Paper Boy, 8 st. 2 lb., third, beaten off; the Coronation Cup, 1½-mile, 9 st., beating High Chancellor, 8 st. 4 lb., a comfortable three-quarters of a length, as I believed, Umiddad, 9 st., 3 lengths away, third; and, finally, the Fen Ditton Stakes, 2 miles 24 yards, by 10 lengths. It was, no race: Persian Gulf started at the quite



Racing at Windsor

Sir Malcolm McAlpine's three-year-old Concentration, by Blue Peter, won the Coronation Cup Trial Stakes at Windsor, and will now be started for the Derby. He is to be ridden by Beary



Officers and Men of the Second Army Go Racing at Hamburg at Their Own Trotting Meeting

On the racecourse near Hamburg officers and men of the Second Army have arranged regular trotting meetings. There is a Tote, and the betting is limited to a stake of five marks. In a close finish, Major Gilbertson rides Cynellion to victory in the "Derby," so called as the best ponies were run in this race



The officer jockeys all have their own colours, and Major J. F. Cocker, of Twyford, Berks, sets the fashion for the jockeys, with field-boots and battle-dress trousers, while wearing black and orange colours

some people at Newmarket held very decided opinions about High Peak just before the Derby, and they rated Rising Light about the best stayer.

## Persian Gulf

THE accident at exercise last year, as a result of which this perfect specimen of the English blood-horse cracked the lower end of the cannon bone of his near foreleg, unquestionably deprived Lady Zia Wernher of last year's Gold Cup; for there was nothing in training with anything like as good claims as Persian Gulf. The mishap was most particularly heart-breaking for Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who is as fond of his horses as they are of him. I do not think it would be possible to link a compliment more closely with the truth. Persian Gulf did not mature quickly, and his three-year-old record was devoid of brackets, though he finished a very close fourth in both the Derby—which was not run at a true pace—

justified price of 100 to 8 on. It is not too much to claim that he has proved himself the finest stayer we have seen for a decade—or perhaps even longer. There is every reason to believe that this horse will pass on his grand stamina to his descendants. He has Bachelor's Double on the dam's side.

## Hounds of the Meynell

IT has been almost *verboten* even to think of foxhunting during the past six years, and, no doubt, if those who are devoured by the canker-worm class hatred had their way, this thing, which has been the sport and pastime of prince and peasant alike—the most democratic of all the relaxations to which poor humanity can indulge—would be obliterated for all time and completely superseded by, let us say, the electric-hare form of "sport." But hunting has not died the death, though how difficult it has been to keep it going, and at the same time breed the necessary implement, the hound, only

a few realise. I have just had a letter from an old friend, Captain Maurice Kingscote, who has been a Master and huntsman of the Meynell since 1937, most of the time—anyway eight years of it—alone, and with appalling difficulties where staff is concerned, telling me that he has the best young entry he has ever bred, "really lovely quality"; that he is having his puppy show on June 23rd, and that the Duke of Beaufort and Mr. Ikey Bell are coming up to Sudbury to judge them. A lot of the Meynell celebrities are also certain to be there. It sounds most attractive, but, alack and alas, it is not for me—thanks in no small measure to the Hun. But pleasant memories always remain pleasant! A grass country of small enclosures; half your time spent in the air over "gentlemanly" obstacles, with—and this most pleasant of all—nice people alongside you, ahead, and, if you are lucky, behind you as well. Happy days—and many more of them to those who still remain.





### H.R.H. the Princess Elizabeth in Her Pony Phaeton

Princess Elizabeth is seen driving the pony phaeton in which she won the first prize for the best single turn-out (Class 9) at the Royal Windsor Horse Show last year. The picture has been painted by Allan Gwynne-Jones for the Royal Windsor Horse Show Club, and was presented to Princess Elizabeth at this year's show by the President, the Duke of Beaufort



### Judging at Windsor

Two well-known horsemen, Earl Fortescue and Capt. Guy Lucas, were judging at the Royal Windsor Horse Show. Together they judged the Hack Classes and the Open Hunter Class

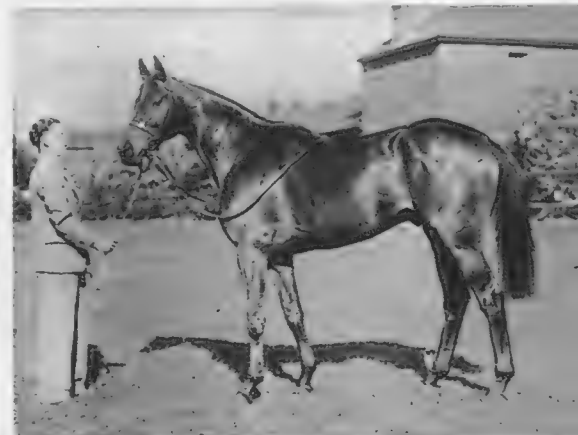
### Northolt

MR. LEONARD JAYNE, who so ably broadcast the races at this very up-to-date Pony Turf Club course, tells me that they hope to have it open again by this time next year, and that when they do, the "Camera Judge" will be in the box to assist the human official. They have always striven to be, if anything, a bit ahead of everywhere else in England at Northolt, and I am therefore rather surprised that they have not long ago adopted that excellent Australian method of timing races as the Royal Calcutta Turf Club did well over thirty years ago. It is quite simple. The act of the starter in releasing the gate sets a big stop-watch going at the back of the judge's box in full view of the public; as the winner crosses the line, the timekeeper, standing dead behind the judge in the box, presses a button, and that is that—absolute accuracy. It is further imparted that Northolt hopes to run three big horse shows, probably upon the same days as the race meetings which, starting late as they used to do, would leave plenty of time for everything to be over in good order. The idea, so I gather,

is to enable patrons to kill two birds with one stone, and it seems quite feasible, though it may make a long and tiring day of it.

### Wasting

THE hardest and most unpleasant part of the profession, or pastime, race-riding! It never did Charlie Wood any harm, but then, he never had much difficulty in going to scale at 7 st. 10 lb., but undoubtedly it killed his great rival, Fred Archer, who, though light, was very long, and had to "work" hard to ride in the region of 9 st., and anything under that weight meant severe privation. As is known, it drove him mad in the end, and he shot himself. Wood was a little man, light-boned and very spare. I do not know what his weight was when he died at the age of ninety, but he was not the kind to run to fat, as was proved when he came back after his seven years' banishment as a result of the Chetwynd-Durham libel action. Wasting, I am certain, does no one much harm if physicking is not made a part of the process, and, personally speaking, I have never favoured either it or Turkish baths.



Anscombe, Newmarket

### A Most Perfect Thoroughbred

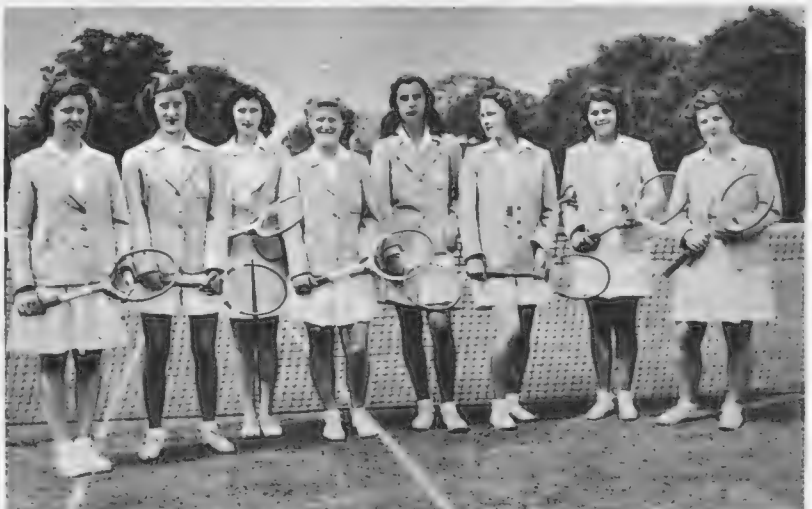
Persian Gulf, owned by Lady Zia Wernher, is one of the most perfect outlines of a thoroughbred horse



### Oxford University Women's Lawn Tennis Team Wins Against Cambridge

D. R. Stuart

The Oxford team beat Cambridge by 16 matches to 1 this year. L. to r.: Miss P. Goodway (St. Anne's), Miss Angela Denning (St. Hilda's), Miss Cynthia Werner (St. Hugh's), Miss Patricia Harvey (Somerville; captain), Miss Esme Kemp (Somerville), Miss E. White (Lady Margaret Hall). The captain, Miss Harvey, is a Triple Blue and Miss Kemp a Double Blue



Cambridge lost the match against the Oxford team which was held at Cambridge on Fenner's Courts. L. to r.: Miss M. Coubrough (Girton), Miss R. Kissane (Girton), Miss D. Lindop (Newnham), Miss Jean Gibson (Girton; captain), Miss P. M. Purves (Newnham), Miss M. H. Kennaway (Girton), Miss D. Wright-Warren (Newnham), Miss E. W. McCreath (Girton)



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Eschatological

EVERLYN WAUGH is a novelist who can exert the exact degree of power that his subject requires. This is rare. One has become familiar with what might be called the puffing-and-blowing school—those who lay bare rippling outsize muscles, or even import a steam crane, in order to do what amounts to nothing more than the shifting of china ornaments on a mantelpiece. Equally, we have the under-estimators of their task—those who genuinely do not know the difference between the Himalayas and a rock garden; and who, having committed themselves to a theme that really does demand they should move mountains, hope for the best with a series of dainty touches. No novel of Mr. Waugh's till now, has, I feel, required that he should go all out. *Brideshead Revisited* (Chapman and Hall; 10s. 6d.) does; and he, therefore, has. The effect is not one of roaring engines, but of the extreme, it could be sinister, quiet of never-more-necessary control.

To say that *Brideshead Revisited*—sub-titled "The Sacred and Profane Memories of Captain Charles Ryder"—is, accordingly, his greatest book would seem to me incorrect. There is no question of his having "at last," as it were, brought off something. Each of his novels has hit its intended mark. He has not, up to now, aspired to write a great book. This time he has; and he has done so.

Inside the wrapper, in place of the usual anonymous "blurb," we find a column headed "Warning" and signed by Evelyn Waugh. Of *Brideshead Revisited* he says:—

There are passages of buffoonery, but the general theme is at once romantic and eschatological.

It is ambitious, perhaps intolerably presumptuous; nothing less than an attempt to trace the workings of the divine purpose in a pagan world, in the lives of an English Catholic family, half-paganised themselves, in the world of 1923-1939. The story will be uncongenial alike to those who look back on that world with an alloyed affection, and to those who see it as transitory, insignificant and, already, hopefully past. Whom then can I hope to please? Perhaps those who have the leisure to read a book word by word for the interest of the writer's use of language; perhaps those who look to the future with black forebodings and need more solid comfort than rosy memories. For the latter I have given my hero, and them, if they will allow me, a hope, not, indeed, that anything but disaster lies ahead, but that the human spirit, redeemed, can survive all disasters.

## The Flytes

UNCERTAIN as to the exact nature of the science of eschatology, I turned to the Oxford Dictionary. For any who

share my ignorance, may I quote?—Eschatology is "the science of 'the four last things: death, judgment, heaven and hell.'"

How, you may ask, are "the four last things" involved, or, how is Mr. Waugh to show them to be involved, in the living fortunes of the Flytes, children of Lord and Lady Marchmain and inhabitants of the great house Brideshead, and in the interknitting into those fortunes of Charles Ryder—first, through his romantic undergraduate friendship with Sebastian Flyte, then through his reciprocated love for Sebastian's sister Julia? Opening and reopening, at random, *Brideshead Revisited*, you might say that no one passage shows any special tension, ominousness or weight. There is no rhetorical writing; there no inked-in foreshadowings of fatality and no outstandingly strong scenes. There is dialogue—some of it in the vein of which Mr. Waugh has long shown himself master. There are passages charged with compressed action; and there are characters who make one feel, instantaneously, and anew with every gesture or word, that they have been endowed with fullness of life. There are scenes of gaiety, illusion, romance, distress. No one given moment appears momentous—and yet a feeling of apprehension is gradually and inexorably induced. Is there—the reader may ask, half-way and more than half-way on his course through *Brideshead Revisited*—is there



David Gurney

Miss Juanita Forbes is the daughter of the well-known sculptress Feridah Forbes, and a sister-in-law of Sir Archibald Sinclair, former Minister for Air in the Coalition Government. She is seen in the garden of her mother's London studio

to be an earthquake, in which this whole bright surface will crack across? No; rather this is an affair of a rising tide. The surface is not to crack; it is to be submerged.

The time is the past. The story is finished for Charles Ryder when he begins to tell it. Or rather, its events have come to an end: its implication waits for the Epilogue. In the Prologue and Epilogue, we have Captain Ryder,

thirty-nine years old, in an early year of the war. Under orders, he moves troops from a camp in Scotland to an unknown, unnamed destination in the south of England. Arriving in the dark of the small hours, under every unideal condition, he finds the new camp to be in the grounds of a mansion that has been taken over since war began. And this is Brideshead. In such a manner, unknowing, has he returned (or, one might say, been returned) to a place he had expected never to see again. Brideshead and its people have been the core of his former, finished inner and, in a sense, only life.

Inside this grim Army frame, between the Prologue and Epilogue, lies, or rather extends, like Brideshead valley, the story, in a forever romantic and elegiac light. For the story's start, we are back—a transition itself so startling and so effective that it seems to involve more than the physical turning-over of one page—in the glowing and easy Oxford of 1923, where Charles Ryder, an undergraduate in his first year, makes friends with the charming, lyrical, unaccountable Sebastian Flyte.

## Family

IT is as undergraduate friend of the younger son that Charles first comes to Brideshead, turns in at the gates, looks up the valley. It is early summer; the two have escaped for

(Concluded on page 344)

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

WHEN his own chicken-house was bomb-blasted

it gave its owner a far greater turn than when Warsaw was left in ruins. (That is, of course, if he lived in Leamington Spa.) And although it was only a tip-and-run raid which blew your big toe off, so far as you are concerned it was the biggest attack of the war. Lots of us really feel nothing at all until we ourselves are hurt. And though this war may really be the War to end War, I have an idea that this human blessedness will not be due to greater wisdom, but because we were all in it this time! Therefore, when I read recent letters from people living in "safe places" protesting against the visual publication of Mussolini's ignominious death, regretting, at the same time, that he wasn't give a fair trial, I felt more nauseated than impressed.

If the killer is infamous enough, it is always remarkable how nearly he approaches heroism in comparison with the thousands of innocent men, women and children he has killed. These got no justice; but the whole paraphernalia of the Law must be applied to the mass-murderer. Happily, in the case of Mussolini, the mob got him just in time. They gave him the ignominious and brutal death which he had given to so many of his victims. And it seemed to me that the moral air of the world was considerably fresher as a consequence. It will not be difficult for history to debunk the monstrosity which was Fascism when its founder and leader was given a scornful death at the hands of those he imposed his will upon.

In dealing with the death of tyrants—above all, let us have no "good theatre." Let their end be at the hand of their victims; or commensurate with the treatment their

victims suffered. The memory of "Hang the Kaiser," and the picture of that same Kaiser living and dying luxuriously in exile, haunts me when I read of Goering cracking jokes with his captors and Hess becoming conveniently "mad." I would prefer they might be shut up in Belsen or Auschwitz, and left to be tried by those still alive to tell of their years of suffering and torture. This would not be according to International Law, but my conscience doesn't trouble me in the least. There is an eye-for-an-eye and a tooth-for-a-tooth law which more closely applies to such men as Himmler, Ribbentrop, and all the rest of the foul gang. And in judging them I would prefer to see a film of their mass-murders than to study the pros and cons of legal precedent.

In the question of mass-murder, the only point of view worth considering is that of the corpses. They are the ones who demand justice—and no unnecessary legal dithering. But I can almost see legal dithering coming as Goering is given chicken for his dinner. (Personally, as he was the instrument in the first instance of destroying so many buildings, I think it would be a good plan to put him in the navy class and let him join the bricklayers—preparatory, of course, to final sentence being carried out.)

The only way to kill Dictatorship in life is ridicule; in death—ignominy. War and Persecution create their own human nobility and greatness, but neither belongs to War and Persecution, only to human nature. Let both the former be held in infamy. Only thus, it seems to me, can the world become Christian—apart from that self-glorified "Christianity" which can so happily forgive other people's sins—against other people.



# Getting Married

## The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Street—Crean

Major Vivian Street, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., The Rifle Brigade, only son of Col. Street, D.S.O., of Hythe, and of the late Mrs. Street, married Miss Annette Mary Crean, only daughter of the late Mr. John F. Crean and of Mrs. Macgrath, of Hazel End, Bishops Stortford, at St. Marice Novella, Florence

Left: Baron van Lynden, the Royal Netherlands Navy, married Miss Josephine Monaghan, of 78, Dorchester Avenue, Glasgow

Van Lynden—Monaghan



Paterson, Inverness

### Baird—Rose

Lt. H. H. Baird, R.N.V.R., married Miss Madeleine Katharen Rose, W.R.N.S., daughter of Col. and Mrs. Hugh Rose, of Kilravock Castle, Inverness-shire, at St. Columba Episcopal Church, Nairn. (Above) Lt. G. V. Galwey, R.N.V.R., Mrs. Baird, Master Hugh Lang-Rose, Lt. and Mrs. H. H. Baird, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Rose, Miss E. Rose and Miss H. Baird



Paterson, Inverness

### Wilson—Davidson

Major Cyril John Wilson, K.O.S.B., of Acheridh, Nairn, married Miss Grisel Frances Davidson, of Gellanfield, Inverness-shire, at St. Columba Episcopal Church, Nairn. (Above) Miss Susan Davidson, Lt. Philip Mifford, Master H. Lang-Rose, Major and Mrs. C. J. Wilson, Master Orr Ewing, Miss E. Rose, of Kilravock



Booth Jones—MacEwen

Lt. G. T. Booth Jones, eldest son of Major and Mrs. Booth Jones, of Hale Park, Fordingbridge, married Miss J. E. MacEwen, younger daughter of Air Vice-Marshal Sir Norman MacEwen, and Lady MacEwen, of Rowan Cottage, Camberley, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Charlton—Windle

Major D. Richard Wingate G. Charlton, 8th Hussars, only son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. C. E. C. G. Charlton, of Great Canfield Park, Takeley, Essex, married Miss Angela Margot Windle, only daughter of the late Mr. Norman Windle, and of Mrs. Windle, Whitelands, Hatfield Peverel, Essex, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Musgrave—Skinner

Mr. Roderick Christopher Musgrave, Colonial Administrative Service, only son of Mr. Henry Fitzherbert Musgrave, and of Mrs. G. N. Kingsford, married Miss Celia McInnes Skinner, W.R.N.S., only daughter of Major and Mrs. J. H. McInnes Skinner, of Brampton Grange, Norwich, at St. George's, Hanover Square



# Priscilla in Paris

## V-Day Celebrations

**D**O.A.H. At last it is here and it finds us breathless with joy! Quite a different joy, however, to the crazy rejoicings of 1918, when we all went perfectly mad. There is quietness and gravity mingled with our happiness. Perhaps it is because the quality of surprise is missing. For so many weeks now we have seen the inevitable end coming nearer and nearer. Had we been able to hold our horses it would have been more impressive. So many people started to celebrate unofficially when the news filtered through of the Reims signature that the official announcement, next day, came almost as an anti-climax. I think, also, that the Liberation of Paris, after a week of fighting, the entry of de Gaulle and the Allies, the marching-off to captivity of hundreds of Hun prisoners, that we saw with our own eyes, exhausted our power of exteriorising our feelings. The first, fine careless rapture of those rejoicings will never be recaptured.

In Paris, also, it took the lifting of the shadow, cast by the Occupation, to make us realise the immensity and far-reaching results of the war and war effort. Does this sound crazy? When we were in the power of the Boche all our energies went into circumventing him in every little way and daily contact. It was a great game, and we thought ourselves no end of fine fellows, but it was really just a game and one that blinded us a little, perhaps, to what other people were doing. What news we had of Outside Happenings was stolen news and extremely succinct, and it is only since we are free that we really understand the huge effort and the countless sacrifices that have been made by the Allies, and we find ourselves stunned and awed by that realisation.

Besides, how can we be else than gravely quiet in our happiness when we see those maimed and suffering semblances of men—and women too—who are returning from German prison camps, and the list of those who will never return grows longer and longer? No! Boisterous celebration is not for us. There are certain noisy, shouting, laughing crowds in the streets—youth must have its rightful day—but they are found only where the great masses gather—on the boulevards, along the Champs Élysées, not in every quarter, not in every little street, as during the Liberation.

A great responsibility faces us also. We have won the war; but *this time* we also have to win our Peace. We must husband what strength we have left for that fight; it may be a long one and we must see it through. Hence our gravity. In V-Day we are celebrating the D-Day of the Battle of Peace.

News-reel operators and Press photographers will have shown you the crowds that thronged Paris. I doubt, however, if you will see anything as amusing as I did when a youngster, who had had several over the dozen, clung obstinately to the banisters at the top of the fairly steep flight of stairs leading from the first-floor restaurant at Fouquet's. "Kam on, Buddy!" yelled his mate, but Buddy gazed down at the steps and wept. "Can't do it," he sobbed; "it makes me giddy!" And a howl of laughter went up, for Buddy was a parachutist!

The theatres were deserted, but the music-halls turned thousands away. The show that has seen Maurice Chevalier's return was crowded like a Metro train, and he brought the house down by turning to Mistinguett, who was in a box, and saying: "Congratulations to us, old lady! This is the second war you and I have come through safely!" which delighted the audience but peevd "la Miss," who nurses the dear illusion that we still believe her to be in the early twenties. Sacha Guitry is still in a nursing home, recuperating. After having lived "soft" all his life, the three months he passed at the Fresnes prison, just outside Paris, with leisure to reflect on the ill-advisedness of dining and wining with the Occupants, bowled him over completely. Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay, on the other hand, had a great reception when they appeared in the revival of the late Edouard Bourdet's comedy *Vient de Paraître* at the Michodière. Fresnay was imprisoned for quite a time for having acted in several films for the Continental Company during Occupation. But during '39 and '40 he did his bit with the same courage as throughout 1914-18, and given the pleasure that his films afforded the French cinema fans, as well as the Occupants, at a time when pleasures were all too rare, one is glad to forget anything that had better be forgotten.

To-morrow I start off again. The old ambulance has been patched together and we are off once more. This time to Boche-land, and it may be quite a while before I am able to write again. My love to you, D.O.A.H.; you are always in my thoughts.

PRISCILLA.



Brodrick Vernon

**Bound for Paris:** The Comtesse Ogier d'Ivry and her daughter, Marie Louise, have returned to Paris. They escaped to this country after the fall of France, and since then the Comtesse has been working for the B.B.C. French service. She is a daughter of the Marquis de Lastanges: her husband is attached to the Canadian Air Force

# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 342)

the day from an Oxford devastated by Eights Week; from Brideshead, the family are away. Lord Marchmain has, anyhow, left the scene: he is living in Venice with his mistress. It is Lady Marchmain, we soon discover, who is the presiding genius, whether benevolent or otherwise, of Brideshead. This daughter of an old Catholic family, adored by her friends, fled from by her husband, devoted to and fatal to her children, is Mr. Waugh's masterpiece—and she is something more: she embodies the question running right through the novel. Even her glum, correct elder son, Bridey, and her disconcerting, straightforward, youngest child, Cordelia, are not in a happy relation to her; she queers Sebastian, who takes to drink, and she mishandles Julia—who first makes a marriage that is, in the eyes of her Church, no marriage with the Canadian success-boy, Rex Mottram; then, ten years later, returns Charles Ryder's passion.

Time, in *Brideshead Revisited*, is more than an element; it is a dramatic factor of which Mr. Waugh has made the fullest and boldest romantic use. We watch Julia flower from a "spidery" débutante into a woman whose stature, variability and capacity for tragedy make her a heroine on the grand scale. We watch the (apparent) decay of Sebastian, from a golden boy into a sly drunk—but apotheosis is waiting for him beyond that. Time adds irony to Bridey's preposterous marriage, and refines the comedy of the debunking of Mr. Samgrass—the over-agreeable Oxford don. Time throws a somehow exalting light on Cordelia's unæsthetic maturity. Time (for the purposes of the novel) culminates in Lord Marchmain's return to Brideshead, to die there. Lord Marchmain's death itself is, eschatologically speaking, the climax, and is end in all senses, of *Brideshead Revisited*.

Whom, Mr. Waugh has asked, may he hope to please? As a reviewer, I speak for the first of the two sorts of readers he has in mind—one may or may not, also, be of the second; but that is a matter of private life. The wording of this novel, its texture, its beauty and the faultless working of its concealed mechanics are a delight.

## Two Planes

**A**RTHUR KOESTLER, also a novelist of stature, has, this time, given us a collection of essays—*The Yogi and the Commissar* (Cape; 10s. 6d.). Let me quote from a letter:—

Koestler . . . believes that there are two planes of existence, which he calls the *vie tragique* and the *vie triviale*. Usually we move on the plane of the *vie triviale*, but occasionally in moments of elation, danger, etc., we find ourselves transferred to the plane of the *vie tragique*, with its uncommon-sense perspective. One of the miseries of the human condition is that we can neither live permanently on the one nor the other plane, but oscillate between the two. When we are on the trivial plane, the realities of the other are nonsense—overstrung nerves, etc. When we live on the tragic plane, the joys and sorrows of the other are shallow, frivolous, trifling. Some people try all their lives to make up their minds on which plane to live—unable to recognise that we are condemned to live alternately on both in a biological rhythm.

So wrote Richard Hillary, to the woman friend who received his more revealing letters. To the friendship between Hillary and Koestler—though also to the latter's power of analysis—is owed one of the major essays in this book: "In Memory of Richard Hillary" (originally published in *Horizon* under the title "The Birth of a Myth").

The Hillary study, at least, is likely to have most immediate interest for the larger number of readers. The essays in the two first parts of the book vary in manner—this being, Mr. Koestler says, conditioned by the very varying characters of the periodicals for which they were first written—but never in point of view. Through them all runs the theory Hillary noted: the theory of oppositions, or of alternatives. There is not only the matter (the, ultimately, romantic personal matter) of the *vie tragique* and the *vie triviale*; there are, socially speaking, what Mr. Koestler calls the two extremes of the human spectrum, personified, in the essay that gives the book its title, as the Yogi and the Commissar. "The Commissar believes in Change from Without. He believes that all the pests of humanity . . . can and will be cured by revolution . . . that logical reasoning is an unfailing compass and the universe a kind of very large clockwork in which a very large number of electrons will for ever revolve in their predestined orbits; and that whoever believes in anything else is an escapist."

The Yogi "believes that nothing can be improved by exterior organisation and everything by the individual effort from within."

## The Unsatisfied

**M**R. KOESTLER writes from "the melancholy angle of a Continental—or rather of that bunch of homeless Leftists . . . whom the Stalinists call Trotskyites, the Trotskyites call Imperialists, and the Imperialists call bloody Reds." He writes as a Socialist mistrustful of the materialistic limitations of Socialism, and of its failure to take account of the spiritual, unsatisfiable part of man. (One is reminded of Flaubert's saying, of the "Commissars" of his own time, "They ignore sorrow.")

Restlessness, honesty and intransigence characterise these combative and not always easy essays. *The Yogi and the Commissar* is divided into three parts—"Meanderings," "Exhortations" and "Explorations." I must praise, in the first two parts, an absence of scrappiness, an inside cohesion (due, I think, partly to the arrangement) which is rare when a writer assembles work written for different readers in different years. Time has verified—given, even, a sort of prophetic quality—to much Mr. Koestler says: for instance, his "On Disbelieving Atrocities," dated January 1944. . . . In the third part, "Explorations," we have what has not appeared before—a documented survey of the Soviet experiment, with the conclusions that may (he thinks, should) be drawn from it.





CV8-153

DRESSCOTT CLOTHES LTD. DUDLEY WORCESTER



## "A Natural Choice..."

and one I've remained loyal to right since the first fill. FOUR SQUARE for me every time, because it has no artificial flavouring, but is pure tobacco, made from the best leaf, matured and mellowed by ageing in the wood."

## FOUR SQUARE TOBACCOS

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

One of the few remaining independent Tobacco firms, established 136 years ago.



MAXIMUM  
PRICES

PER BOT. 25/3  
HALF BOT. 13/3.

GT. BRITAIN & N. IRELAND ONLY

# This is the Gin

- BY APPOINTMENT TO



H.M. KING GEORGE VI -

TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO. LTD.

# Gordon's

## Stands Supreme



# SUMMER BRIDE

by Jean Lorimer

Photographs by  
Dormer Cole



Loveliest bridal gown of the year is this silver lamé wedding-dress designed especially for *The Tatler* by Debenham and Freebody. Feather orchids hold in place a shoulder-length veil of tulle. Romantic touch is the lace-covered prayer-book carried by the bride. This is bound with priceless real lace by workers for the Red Cross at the Lace Sales headquarters in London, and sold in aid of the Fund





**Rayon Linen, crisply-tailored.** Smart Jumper Suit cleverly tucked to give yoke effect, and finished with gilt-link and self material belt. The Skirt has three pleats in front and one at back. In pastel blue, sea green, red, navy or nigger. Hip sizes 36, 38, and 40 ins. **£8. 10. 2.** (10 coupons)

**Swan & Edgar** Gowns : Second Floor LTD.  
Piccadilly Circus, W.1 REGent 1616



## Tomorrow always comes

All through the war women in all kinds of war work have been coming to Steiner to maintain a distinguished appearance. Now Steiner's peace plans are ready. His salon at 66 Grosvenor Street will soon be open for new treatments and a new elegance.

Tomorrow always comes.

**Steiner** 8 Grosvenor St., W.1. Mayfair 5245-6



Blue suede and blue lizard. Though we may not have this model when you call there is usually a shoe to meet your needs from our selection which varies from day to day. No post orders.

**Lilley & Skinner**

356-360 OXFORD ST., W.1 OPPOSITE BOND ST. TUBE

**MARSHALL & SNELGROVE LONDON**

The Famous Name for Quality



**TROUSSEAU LINGERIE...**

A limited choice of our exclusive productions is still available..... Nightdress sketched is in PURE SILK SUZETTE

Pink & Blue.

**£14.15.4**  
(6 Coupons)



# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

"Oh, John, dear," said Mrs. Smith, "are you going into town this morning?"

"Yes," answered her husband. "Do you want anything?"

"Yes, dear, don't forget to bring back something for the mice."

"Now, look here," Mr. Smith answered crossly, "if the mice can't eat what there is in the house, then let them do without!"

A NEGRO boy was taking a stroll through a cemetery and reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. He came to one which declared: "Not dead, but sleeping."

After contemplating the phrase for a moment, and scratching his head the negro exclaimed: "He sure ain't foolin' no one body but hisself."

THE stranger ambled into the farmyard and was challenged by the farmer. With an air of great importance the visitor produced his card and remarked: "I am a Government inspector and am entitled to inspect your farm."

Half an hour later the farmer saw the inspector being chased by a bull in the field. Leaning over the gate as the inspector dashed past, the farmer cried: "Show him your card, mister—show him your card!"

THE granary keeper was away for the day, but his wife was eager to be helpful, and offered to carry out the sale of a bushel of wheat which a customer required. They went to the bin, and she proceeded to measure out the grain. She poured in two peck measures, and was about to tie up the sack when the customer interrupted.

"But four pecks make a bushel, ma'am I"

"Oh, do they?" she replied. "You see, I never had any experience measuring grain before I was married. I used to be a school teacher."

THIS story is told in *The Countryman, Oxon*:—

The late Sir Mark Collet used to tell of a doctor who had a pink tonic of which his patients "must have drunk hundreds of gallons." Among them was the publican across the green.

One day, when the doctor's son was at home, the old medico was very busy, and said to the boy: "Just run across the green to the old chap at the 'Four Stars' and see how he's getting along; I ought to have been to see him before but have been too busy."

The boy went and inquired; the publican said he was much better but would like another bottle of the tonic.

"Oh," said the boy, "why do you want another bottle?"

"Well, you see, Master Ronnie, it's just like this. Lots of people come into the house and say: 'Will you have a drink with me?' and I say 'All right, I should like to.' I keep your father's tonic in a cut-glass bottle on a shelf, and I say, 'Mine's a liqueur,' and I have it and charge a shilling; out of that bottle I get at least six liqueurs, and I only pay your father half a crown for the tonic."



Fred Daniels

*Yesterday's Bride: Miss Manora Joy Davidson was married quietly to Paul Soskin, the well-known film producer, yesterday. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Davidson, of Sheffield, the bride is a Junior Commander in the A.T.S. It was at her request that the wedding was a quiet one. Her husband has made many successful British films — among them "Quiet Wedding"*

MOTHER and daughter were busy with the wedding plans when the bridegroom-to-be called. He watched the preparations impatiently.

"Darling, we have such a lot to do," said his fiancée, "and if we want to make our wedding a big success, we mustn't forget even the most insignificant detail!"

"Oh, don't worry about that," murmured the young man, "I'll be there all right."

TO a new Supreme Court judge who had just relinquished a very lucrative practice in New York to go on the bench, a rich clubman said: "I can't understand how you can give up your practice for the salary of a Supreme Court judge. Why, it costs me twice that to live."

"I wouldn't pay it, Harry. It isn't worth it," replied the judge.

BROWN was talking to some friends of a fishing trip he was contemplating.

"Are there many trout up there?" asked one of the friends.

"Trout? Thousands of 'em," replied the other, enthusiastically.

"Will they bite easily?"

"Will they?" said Brown. "Why, they're absolutely vicious! A man has to hide behind a tree to bait his hook!"



"Her total Beauty, glowing richly fair,

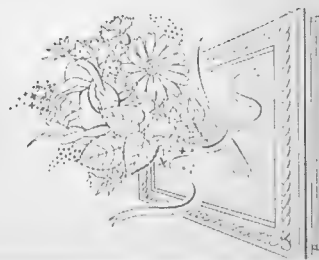
Is something that defeats the poet's pen

And holds in willing thrall the hearts of men."

*Pomerooy  
serves Beauty*

JEANNETTE POMEROY BEAUTY PRODUCTS  
174, NEW BOND STREET, W.1

SKIN FOOD • BEAUTY MILK • CLEANSING CREAM • DAY CREAM • DATHOS •  
POWDER • LIPSTICK • SAFADA HAND LOTION Prices from 3/6 to 16/6



The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



ATTRACTIVE  
SUN  
HAT

In gay, multi-coloured,  
striped cotton, with  
stiffened brim.

Ideal for Sea and Sun

35'9

Postage and packing  
1/-extra

**Lillywhites**  
LTD

OF

PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, S.W.1

# "Les Beaux Jours de Jacquemar"

This new floral scarf  
begins a Post War series  
of Peaceful subjects.  
Price 53'1 & 2 coupons.  
Available at many high  
class stores throughout  
the country, or direct from

**Jacquemar**

16, GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON.W.1.

## MATITA COUTURE SPORT



A London Man-Tailored Suit by Matita



COUTURE  
SPORT  
**MATITA**

LONDON

NEW YORK



# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Controlled Travel

WHEN motor cars began to come on the roads again at the beginning of the month the extent of their use was still controlled by the rationing of petrol. And while the forces need petrol no one will object. But no ministry was given any power to restrict petrol in order, for example, to reduce the smelliness of the streets or to increase the numbers of pedestrians, bicyclists, tricyclists, scooterists or railway passengers. Military necessity was the sole reason which induced people to place the power of restricting petrol in the hands of the Government. There was, therefore, no excuse for the statement, which came out not long ago, that petrol rationing would be retained for a period in order to save life and prevent injury on the roads.

It is certainly true that by reducing motoring safety can be increased. By abolishing hot-water bottles you would prevent hospitals from scalding their patients. But the country's approval has never been given to the preventing of motoring accidents by the prevention of motoring. If some ministry decided to try and increase safety by imposing a speed limit of five miles an hour and if it could obtain general support for the measure, no one would have just cause for complaint; but the diversion of military controls to purposes they were never originally intended to fulfil, does give just cause for complaint.

## The Air Position

A SIMILAR state of affairs applies in private flying. The Air Ministry has suddenly issued an edict to say that, although the war against Germany is over, no private person may fly over the United Kingdom without its express permission. I do not believe that the Air Ministry has any right to issue such an edict. It can prohibit people from flying if it has reason to suppose they are dangerous or if the aircraft in which they propose to fly is unsafe; but I do not think they can claim that flying goes by their favour. Government

departments are suffering from the natural after-effects of wielding wartime power. They have the best intentions; they want to reduce casualties on the roads, or to keep the air safe (by keeping it empty), but they will insist on mixing their thinks and applying military measures to peaceful processes.

I am especially worried about this prohibition of private flying. A friend from America was telling me only a few days ago that a tremendous effort is being made there to establish landing grounds for private aircraft owners all over the United States. It is a planned scheme to lay the foundations for mass production, mass sale and mass use of small aircraft. This surely is the sensible way to set about the development of private flying if it is ever to be a successful component of our economics. The aircraft industry has to face a drastic reduction; but the reduction can be modified somewhat if private flying could be encouraged and nourished. There are people now who would like to own light aeroplanes if they could buy them cheaply and if there were sufficient flight strip facilities.

The right plan for the Air Ministry is not to issue edicts against private flying; but to throw open as many Royal Air Force stations as possible to private owners and so to mitigate the shortage of flight strips. We have really got to learn that we shall not become prosperous by holding everybody back and by restricting the activities to which people incline.

No one knows better than I do that flying can be a nuisance. Those living near aerodromes are continually annoyed by the sound of aero-engines. Many members of the public tell me that, in this war, they have seen



Miss Pauline Gower, the well-known airwoman, who is Senior Commander of the A.T.A., and a member of the Board of British Overseas Airways, married W/Cdr. W. Cusack Fahie, R.A.F., of Dublin, at Brompton Oratory. The bride, who is the daughter of Sir Robert Gower, M.P., was given away by her father

enough aircraft and suffered enough from aircraft never to want to see or hear them again. I recognize these views and if Great Britain decided to become a non-aeronautical country I would at least say that it was a logical conclusion and if the majority supported it I would accept it. But no such conclusion has been arrived at. There is a belief that we are going to continue flying and going to try to develop our aviation. My argument, then, is that the two things cannot possibly go together. You cannot have on the one side the Air Ministry, the Ministry of Transport or the Ministry of Fuel and Power restricting motoring and aviation, and on the other side a flourishing motoring and aviation industry.

## Academy in the Air

SUFFERING from the disabilities of a single track mind, I found myself chiefly interested, when I went round the Royal

Academy, by the pictures which contain aircraft or had some aviation interest. And this year, as in previous years, I felt that it was made clear that aircraft do not fit the picture.

A few good aviation artists have appeared, but they have nearly all been men who render the aircraft photographically and do not use it for strictly artistic purposes. This year I liked the picture by Dugdale showing Group Captain Pickard and his crew in front of a Wellington. For the rest there were the portraits of airmen. There were Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Charles Portal and a few others, but none of them seemed to this entirely inartistic viewer to be especially noteworthy. Air Force blue does not seem to be so successful in paintings as one would imagine.

## Millinery Model

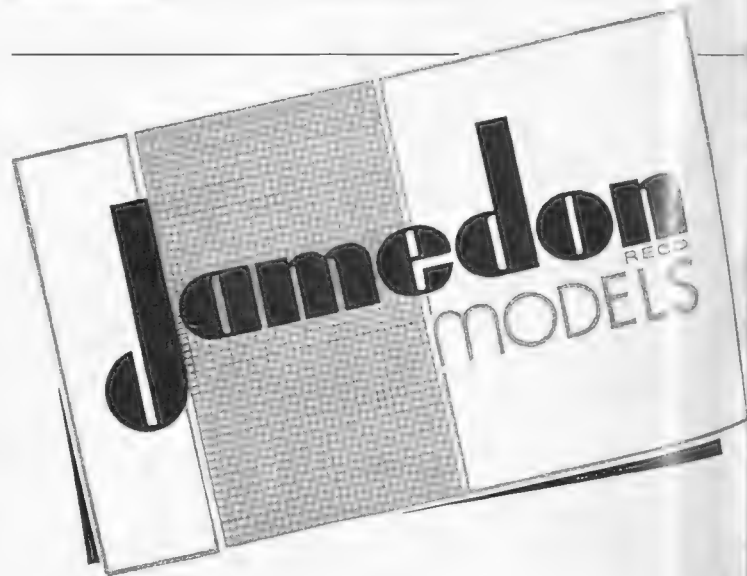
A Breton Sailor in Baku Straw with distinctive Osprey mount.



SECOND FLOOR.

SELFRIDGES LTD., OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

MAYfair 1234



LADIES' better COATS & SUITS

Obtainable at the better Shops and Stores

JAMES & GORDON LTD.  
30-32 MORTIMER STREET LONDON W.1

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1/6, and, that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



C.N.P

# English & Rose

VANISHING  
&  
CLEANSING  
CREAMS

INC. 7/6 TAX

ABLISHED OVER 150 YEARS

## REAL HARRIS TWEEDS AND HOMESPUNS

HANDWOVEN BY THE  
CROFTERS IN THE  
ISLE OF HARRIS

ect deliveries of these  
ractive and hard-wearing  
erials now in stock; suit-  
e for making up into  
ts, skirts, costumes, etc.

ANY LENGTH CUT

Patterns on Request. Postage 6d.

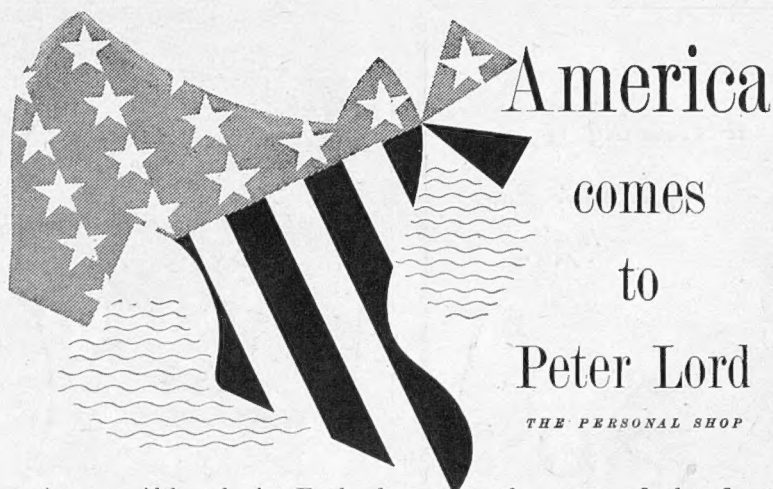
PLEASE DO NOT APPLY UNLESS  
COUPONS ARE AVAILABLE

MANES & PATERSON

62 PRINCES STREET  
EDINBURGH 2

Telephone • 21017-8

0 AT BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.



# America

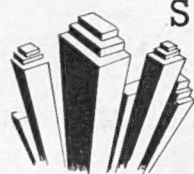
comes

to

## Peter Lord

THE PERSONAL SHOP

Although in England we make some of the finest shoes in the world we don't usually make as many fittings per size as our American friends—that is why American women are usually so smart in their footwear. It's good news then that at Peter Lord we have a range of English shoes made in American fittings—several widths to every size with a much greater chance of fitting your foot perfectly.

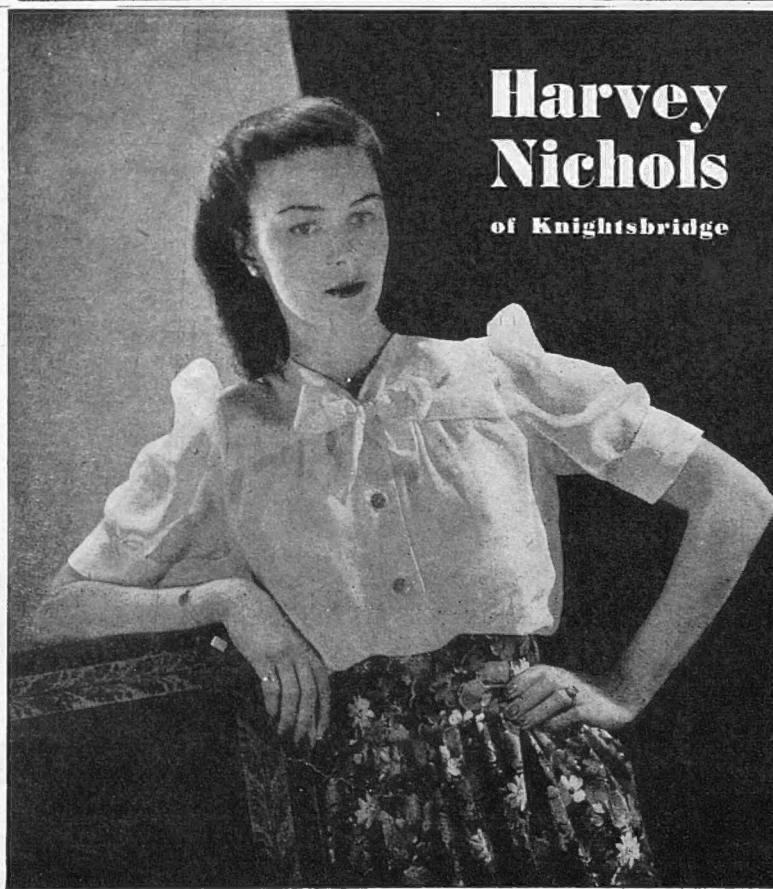


SKYLINE American Fitting shoes

## Peter Lord LTD

98 HIGH STREET, KENSINGTON

ALSO AT EALING, KINGSTON, RICHMOND, SUTTON, BROMLEY, WATFORD AND BRISTOL



## Harvey Nichols

of Knightsbridge

A lovely Summer Blouse in washing Voile with new tucked yoke-line finished with soft bow. White, clover-pink or azure blue. Bust sizes: 34, 36, 38.

Not sent on Approval.

(4 coupons) 85/6

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.

SLOane 3440



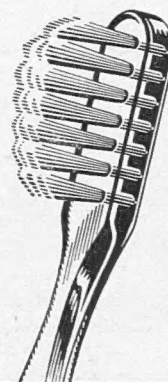
Make Wright's  
the 'rule' for the  
Toilet and Nursery.

Kind to the  
tenderest skin.

## WRIGHT'S

COAL TAR  
SOAP

ONE TABLET  
ONE COUPON



## Tek

HARD TO GET  
BECAUSE IT'S  
HARD TO BEAT



The toothbrush  
you can trust



BRISTLES . . 2/- Plus Purchase Tax 5d.  
NYLON . . 1/6 Plus Purchase Tax 4d.

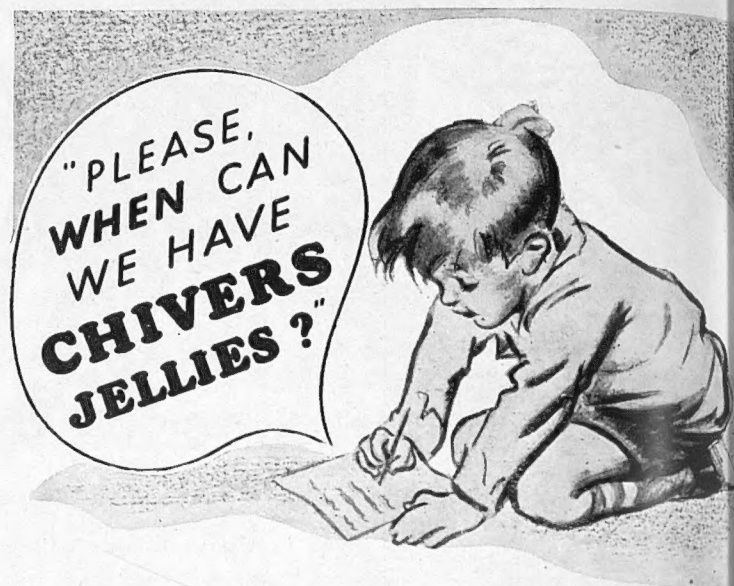
Made and guaranteed by JOHNSON & JOHNSON  
(Gt. Britain) Limited, Slough & Gargrave





Sigh no more, lady. Both you and we look forward to the day when there will be a more generous supply of your favourite stockings. Meanwhile we are making *Aristoc Utility* in attractive shades. Supplies are limited but fair shares are distributed to all Aristoc dealers.

FINE GAUGE FULL-FASHIONED STOCKINGS



Sorry! Johnny, not just yet. We'd like to say "now" because hundreds of letters tell how much CHIVERS JELLIES are being missed by children. As soon as ever we are allowed to make them again we'll let you know—and then, with these lovely Jellies, parties will become *real* parties once more.

CHIVERS & SONS LTD.,  
The Orchard Factory,  
HISTON, CAMBRIDGE.



## BEATRICE JACKSON ELECTROLYSIST

19 MANCHESTER SQUARE, W.1

WELBECK 7394

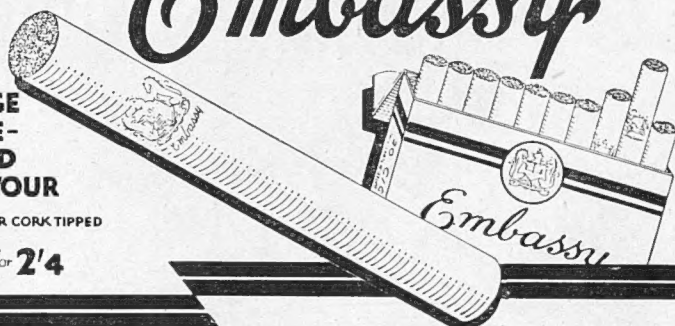
WILL'S

# Embassy

LARGE  
SIZE-  
MILD  
FLAVOUR

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

20 for 2'4



W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. EM. 27V



## FAMILY TRADITION

The tradition of care and precision distinguishing Kerfoot's Pharmaceuticals has been handed from father to son since Thomas Kerfoot first turned his attention to manufacturing pharmacy in the 1860's. He pioneered many developments which are now taken for granted, e.g. compressed tablets, effervescent salines, synthetic local anaesthetics, etc., and the spirit which animated him inspires his descendants to-day.

THOMAS KERFOOT & Co. Ltd.  
Vale of Bardsley • Lancashire  
THE MANUFACTURING EXPERIENCE  
OF THREE GENERATIONS

## Gladys Cooper's natural BLUSH ROUGE



Gladys Cooper Beauty Preparations, recommended by twelve leading beauty editresses, are at present in short supply. It may be a case of "try, try, try again"; but they are well worth the trouble.

# "WARDONIA"



## FOR BETTER SHAVES

## OLD BLEACH

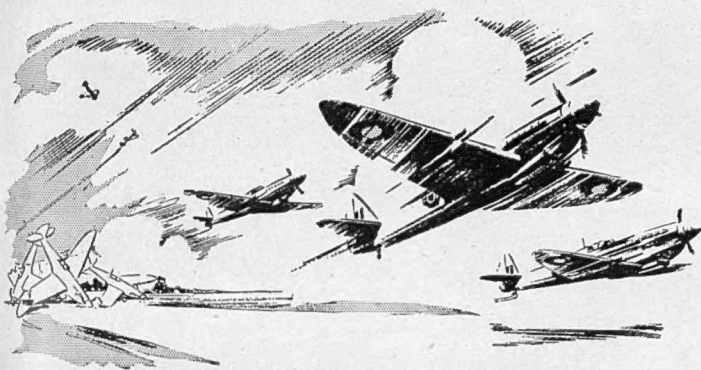
household and embroidery

★ LINENS ★  
and

## FURNISHING FABRICS

THE OLD BLEACH LINEN CO. LTD.  
RANDALSTOWN, NORTHERN IRELAND

# NUFFIELD SKILL FOUND THE ANSWER



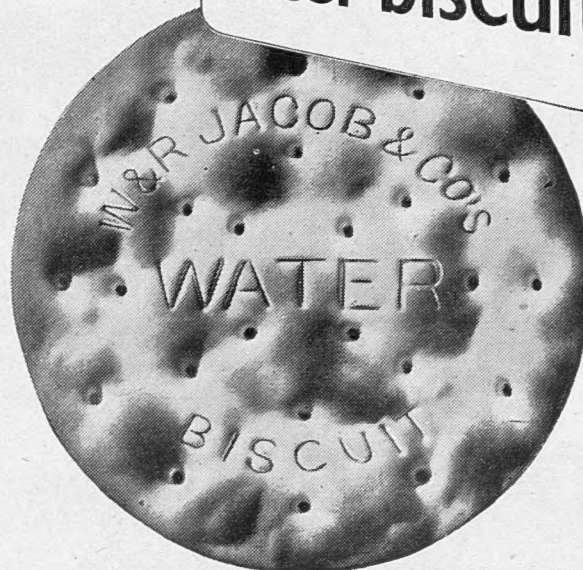
## 3 out of 5 aircraft

During a critical period of the war, no fewer than 3 out of every 5 home-based aircraft going into action had been repaired by the Civilian Repair Organisation built up and administered through the Nuffield Organisation in collaboration with the R.A.F. The Organisation has salvaged the metal from 12,500 aircraft crashed beyond repair. It has repaired and put back into action more than 75,000 aircraft.



**MORRIS • WOLSELEY • RILEY • M.G.**  
**MORRIS-COMMERCIAL VEHICLES . . . S.U. CARBURETTORS**

# JACOB'S water biscuits



★ AVAILABLE ONLY WITHIN A LIMITED AREA UNTIL REMOVAL OF RESTRICTIONS

# Haig



NO FINER WHISKY

GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

IN WAR AND PEACE  
WE SERVE



GWR • LMS • LNER • SR



*We Salute...* and thank the magnificent men and women of our modern army — *an army of specialists*. Highly skilled and competent, they will demand of Peace exacting standards of specialisation. The Dunlop Rubber Company, so closely in touch with their needs in war, will be specially qualified to serve them in Peace.



*Painted specially for Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., by William Dring, A.R.A.*

**DUNLOP**



*"An army of Specialists"*